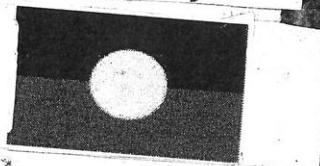


This zine was written on

YUGGERA
BARUNG GAM
^{and}
BIGAMBUL
country



Always Was, Always Will Be,
Aboriginal Land

I would like to acknowledge that I write from a privileged position in society. Some content in "Gutterslug" may be triggering and I recommend reading this zine in a space you feel comfortable and safe in.

This issue is a celebration of all the amazing experiences I've had over the last year and a half. I've been travelling around Australia with friends having Blinky Bill adventures that led us from deserts to coasts to forests. I've had time to reflect on being an "informal ward of state" in QLD and how being a homeless teenager during my school years has influenced me as a person. During the final stages of creating this issue I've had the pressing commitment of making a goon raft to sail down the

Brisbane river with. Who has involved consuming large quantities of goon (At the time of writing we're 15 sacks down in a week and a bit!) Next issue will have photos of the rafter project. In two days I'm hitchhiking to Darwin as part of an epic race involving my mates Flick, Yulanji, Joe, Tyron, Katie, Pierce, Emma, Brenden, Ben and Tyler. The last pair to hitch into Darwin have to get naked and rundown the main street with a carton of beer in their arms! So long and fare well to Toowoomba and Brisbane! We're all working on boats as deckhands over to Asia once in Darwin! So that's where I'm at wrapping up this issue of Cutterslug. Enjoy the words "♥" Emily.



Darwin Bogan

The most interesting reply I received was from the Queensland police when they searched Mikka and I in a Brisbane cbd street. Before giving us a date to have a splendid day in court, they read

the whole issue- every page, front to back, on the bonnet of their undercover patrol car. This resulted in a child protection officer

being present on the scene... Pitty they're just a good few yrs late to do anything along the lines of 'protecting' or 'serving' me throughout childhood.

The lino cut on the next page was created by Esh from Newcastle which was traded for a copy of Issue 1.

front cover: BalACLAVAS, Battleships and BOOZE.

Bo
Chris
B.S.
cut, colour
and post
away!
No 55c
required



Luna Park Melbourne

the
brave

ESR

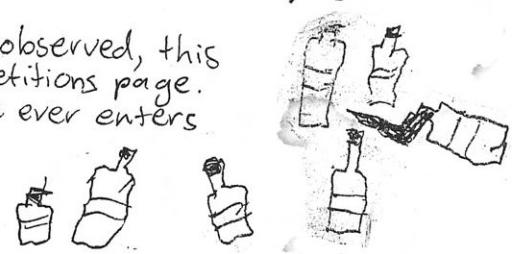
COMPETITIONS PAGE

THE PAGE CREATED FOR PEOPLE WHO DIG FREE SHIT... ☺

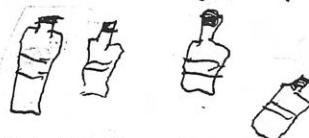
"IF a peasant sheepishly walked up to you and whispered into your ear that someone had managed to acquire 100 BOTTLES OF SPIRITS WITHOUT EXCHANGING ANY MONIES WHATSOEVER, and then, after an awkward pause produced a crumpled photo of the said goods, what would be your 1st thoughts on how such a miracle could occur? ☺"

As you probably have already observed, this question is indeed on the competitions page.
It is general knowledge no one ever enters zine competitions.

THIS annoys me.
I have a plan.



So, this is my proposal;



Whoever describes the most imaginative and 'resourceful' way such a miracle could happen will have their story in the next issue.

AND; I WILL HITCHHIKE TO THE TOWN / CITY THAT THE PERSON IS CURRENTLY RESIDING IN* AND GET REDICUOUSLY DRUNK WITH THEM (AND I'LL BRING THE BOOZE)

I'm being serious - issue 3 will have photographic evidence of this proposed event.

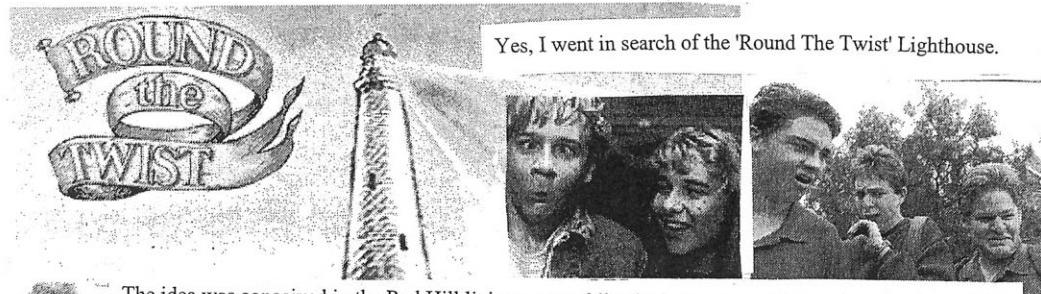
Send Entries To: squat.the.world89@gmail.com
(be sure to include your contact details)

COMPETITION closes
1 March 2010

*This is a worldwide competition!!! Live in Germany? Mongolia? Peru? USA? Laos? Anywhere..!

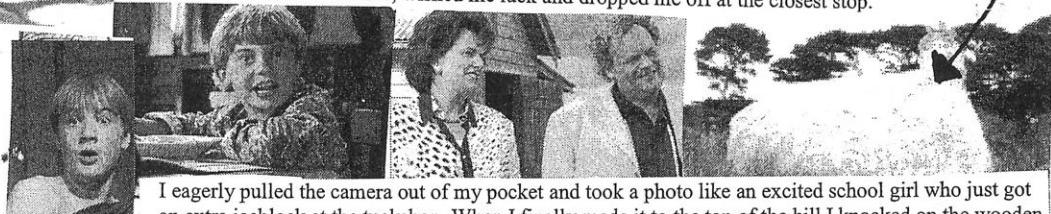


It was a pilgrimage to end all pilgrimages. A journey to enlighten my teenage mind and spirit. A destination many dream of embarking on. It was a quest to find the ultimate inspiration on planet earth.



Yes, I went in search of the 'Round The Twist' Lighthouse.

The idea was conceived in the Red Hill living room whilst the haus was watching a healthy dose of 90's abc children's television programs. Paul Jennings had a huge impact on me throughout primary school, and the 5pm weekday slot on abc was vital in educating me about the real world (that time slot hosted many marvelous programs such as The Raggy Dolls, Daria and The Ferals). Naturally, seven or so years onward it makes perfect sense to be curious as to where this masterpiece of wisdom was filmed. Who would not want to see what happened to the land Mr Gribble was so desperate to sell and develop? Or visit where the Twists were trapped inside a beach shack marbleised in sea gull poo? At the end credits I jotted down on a scrap piece of paper the address of the lighthouse. The Round The Twist challenge became incorporated into the Such Is Life festival journey I was about to head down south for. At the squat in Melbourne I pulled out a big fat atlas of Australia and scanned the index for the specific Lighthouse. Wa la! After Such Is Life (failing to recruit any comrades to the cause) I jumped a country rail train to Geelong. The third leg of the journey would be extremely difficult to hitchhike as the area was in remote Victoria. While I was waiting for the local family owned bus that came once every hour and a half, I visited a free exhibition on Fungus. There is an actual fungi called 'Punk Fungus' that was discovered in Australia in the 1930's! The bus was only \$1.20 with the aid of a pension card I found on the ground in Buranda. The driver knew every person on the bus, where their stop was and what they did on a normal weekday. He was curious about my interest in the lighthouse and after I explained my reasons for wandering out into the depths of the unknown to see a rather odd piece of architecture he smiled, wished me luck and dropped me off at the closest stop.



I eagerly pulled the camera out of my pocket and took a photo like an excited school girl who just got an extra iceblock at the tuckshop. When I finally made it to the top of the hill I knocked on the wooden and paint chipped lighthouse door. My dream of an old granny standing before me and welcoming me in for an afternoon of tea drinking and eating scones was smashed when an old man tapped my shoulder and said, "There's no one in there anymore sweetie, it's all electric powered now."

After talking to David for almost an hour about growing up in country Victoria and the wars he fought in, I wandered down to the jetty where Bronson participated in a swimming contest and came second with the aid of a special fish he swallowed that made his penis propel really fast. Nowadays the jetty is filled with people fishing wearing waterproof drysabone jackets and boots on. Judging by their reactions, I don't think they see to many ragged outa towners lurking onto their jetty turf. The population of the town wasn't large enough to even have a pub, and the bottle was connected to the small grocery store. After hot chips, a potato scallop and a stout on the beach near Nell's shack house and where the bones of the pirate skeleton were dug up by Bronson and Pete, I wandered back to the bus satisfied with my exploration of the historic area. Back in Melbourne I reported my findings to the squat; the only unfortunate news I had to share apart from the lighthouse being electrified was that the thunder box had been demolished.

For a series that was first filmed in 1989, it's been a charmer for a solid two decades. In fact, it's been such a life changing show that Queen Elizabeth II visited the set of Round The Twist instead of hanging out with the starving children in other parts of the commonwealth!

Need a break! Run down! Want to relax.

FANCY A Holiday?

Check out these retreats!

sh for barramundi, prac
fing skills or munch on fresh
man organic orchard

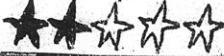
- The Haven Association Shelter



- Womens Shelter, Kings Cross



- Better Housing Shelter, Fortitude Valley



- Caboolture Youth Shelter

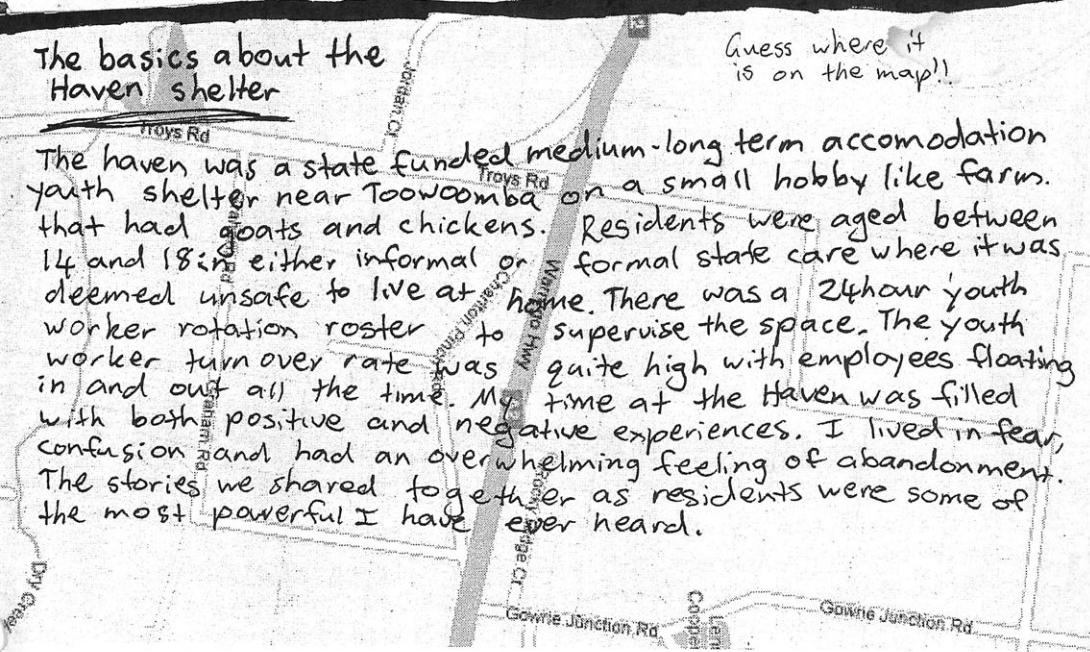


rating system based on minimum risk of physical and sexual assault, regularity of food availability and level of independence granted to residents.

The basics about the Haven shelter

Guess where it is on the map!

The haven was a state funded medium-long term accommodation youth shelter near Toowoomba on a small hobby like farm. Residents were aged between 14 and 18 in either informal or formal state care where it was deemed unsafe to live at home. There was a 24 hour youth worker rotation roster to supervise the space. The youth worker turn over rate was quite high with employees floating in and out all the time. My time at the Haven was filled with both positive and negative experiences. I lived in fear, confusion and had an overwhelming feeling of abandonment. The stories we shared together as residents were some of the most powerful I have ever heard.



Some Stuff That Went Down While I Lived At The Haven...

One afternoon a worker that wasn't very competent at her job was rostered to work the nighttime shift. She would regularly miss interpret the behaviour of shelter residents and wouldn't listen or mediate particular situations. That night her youth working skills were exceptionally bad. So bad that the shelter kids got together in a room and held a meeting. We did that a lot, self-initiated meetings. The conclusion? Go on strike. As was planned, the residents who where home walked out the front door, down the road, to the highway and hitched up to the closest and lowest economic suburb in Toowoomba, Wilsonton. Here we visited the bottle, collected our respective poisons and wandered down to the Wilso skate bowl where we sat for a few hours and got real fucked up. The kinda fucked up were every kid in the bowl has their vision blurred and can't walk. One girl who was living at the Haven ran away to find her long lost horse. Without fail, on an expedition such as this one there would always be someone from the pack who'd go in search for closure; a quest to heal the pain. The booze, drugs and stupid shit we did to ourselves everyday was a quick fix to numb the hurt. It was a coping strategy and when I reflect back on this I can see how it prevented a lot of residents from going over the edge. Unfortunately, quite a few Haven kids also spiraled further into a unhealthy state mentally and physically. Somehow the worker managed to track us down and she rounded us up from the skate bowl and into the shelter van.

They 'grounded' us that weekend. A lot of people used to say, "just fuck em' do what ya want, don't loose your weekend". It's not that easy when the consequence upon returning is someone else will be moving into your old room. Then you're left with no where to go. The support network you've built up has revolved around the shelter community making it difficult to leave. Living in a rural or regional area can make accommodation options very limited. At that age a lot of your friends still live with parents and not in share houses, making it hard to temporarily move in anywhere (especially if your branded as a 'shelter kid' who'd "rack in all ya porcelain shit at casho's for a stick").

When fuel went up, the funding didn't. So the shelter cut the trips to town and it became harder to see friends or do 'extra-curricular activities'. That was one of the most isolated periods of my life.

It was a regular occurrence for kids at the shelter to just loose their shit and run away in the middle of the night. The worker would bash on all our bedroom doors and tell us to get in the Haven van because we had to go find someone. The shelter had a policy where no one was allowed on the property unattended without a worker on shift. It didn't matter if you had an exam the next day, if at 3am they discovered someone gone you had to join the search party van. If you weren't getting along with someone, if they wanted to they could disappear the night before you had an important appointment to go to.

On my fourth night of living in the Haven shelter Steven (a born-again christian with a.d.d) was being particularly annoying, more so than usual. This led to Phil (who also suffers from severe a.d.d) to loose all sense of rational thought and when the van stopped he grabbed a pot plant next to the front door and pushed Steven up against the brick wall. Phil held Steven there

the dirt tumbled out of the pot and onto the ground. Pulling his arm back to crush the pot plant on Stevens face, Triffy threw herself in between them, levitating the situation. The worker stood there for a bit, said nothing, and unlocked the door as we all looked on in disgust.

At the Haven they had a rule where everyone had to be seated at the dinner table before we could begin eating. On one of the first nights I stayed at the Haven we were all sitting at the dinner table eating food, shuffling cutlery around our plates and engaging in polite conversation about school. Steven made an on-the-side comment about something Triffy had said. Unexpectedly within a split second Triffy stood up, knocked over her chair, raised her glass of cordial and pegged it into the centre of the

table. Shattered pieces of glass flew in all directions and landed in our food, drinks and laps. The cordial spilt to the ends of the table and the coloured liquid dripped onto the vinyl floor. Triffy started screaming, crying hysterically and threw cutlery as she focused her undivided attention on Steven. Triffys red face contrasted with her blonde hair and dark green school jumper. Majority of the broken sentences were related to her father and how he abused her mother, brother and herself. The anger in her voice and body movements filled the room with tension. No one moved. The room was stale, except for the energy Triffy projected. I stared at my plate, glancing only twice at her, doing every thing I could to avoid being the next person to send her into a spiral of rage, attacking everything she perceived as a representation of everything that had damaged her in the past. The worker failed to calm Triffy down. She was pushed into her room, and the door was locked from the outside. As we swept, mopped and threw the remainder of the food away, it was impossible to ignore the threats screamed and the wall being violently kicked amongst the hysterical crying from her room. Dinner time, quality family time.

A Crippling Necessity

It's fascinating how much food influences peoples capacity to interact, think and apply themselves; especially within a society based on institutionalised situations were competitiveness and an abnormal focus on individualism is forever present. At the Haven youth shelter we had a communal eating arrangement where all the food in the kitchen was to be shared. The co-coordinator made a decision that in the weekly shopping budget only frozen vegetables could be purchased instead of fresh produce due to it being more 'economically practical'. What The Fuck! Given we were surrounded by paddocks the nearest resemblance to 'city life' was the industrial area an hour and a half's walk from the front door, chances of dumpstering were nil. Growing and sustaining a vege garden is extremely difficult in a youth shelter. The turn over rate of rooms leads to the situation of someone planting some seeds then being kicked out or leaving and the garden dying before someone else commits. The amount of food that would need to be grown to feed the shelters capacity is huge. It lead to regular situations of food shortage between the eight of us and even weird behaviour patterns started forming. Being the one and only vegan they'd ever had live in the youth shelter, it was difficult to maintain a healthy diet at times. When we still had some fresh vegies, a girl with serious mood swings in the middle of the night once went into the kitchen and cut up almost all the vegies and threw them in the chook pen so I couldn't eat anything. To limit someones access to food is a form of asserting power dominance. It's cruel. The most peculiar and disturbing regular occurrence was when C_____ family would visit her. Her little brothers and sisters would run into the kitchen the moment the beat up car door opened, and while C_____ mother would sit out on the porch with her daughter and smoke dumper the children would fill savoury biscuits, weetbix and cheese in their over sized jumpers and pants that hid the skeleton like body frames beneath. Living hand to mouth as a young person distorts your eating pattern dramatically. It creates a warped foundation for the relationship with food and how it can be used as a form of energy, fueled into a form of strength to overcome the challenges in life.

Keventually the frozen food was replaced with fresh produce

At the adult shelter in the Valley, the eating arrangement was designated as individual, with two communal kitchens for each floor in which to prepare food. Being the obvious youngan, I'd get shit every time I pulled out that fucking pan and tried to cook something. Seeing long term drug addicted strangers you have to live with not by choice stare at you and lick their remaining teeth as you shuffle the tofu scramble with a spatula around the pan is an intimidating enough experience to make anyone piss their pants. Situations like that harbour stagnant and unhealthy environments were people are less willing to share resources and work collectively together to improve the living conditions. You get protective and hostile over the stuff that gives you the energy to keep going- food. It becomes a sacred commodity. It becomes something you cry over. A seemingly pathetic commodity that by the time it finishes digesting in your stomach it can change your capacity to achieve a goal; something; anything that can take you a step closer to digging out of the dark hole you currently reside in. The two main shelters that have even come remotely close to what I define a 'home' both operated on a different food distribution 'model'. Neither worked. Again, they were nothing more than toxic environments that failed to provide the most basic needs to have a functioning mind, body and spirit.

Youth homelessness does not involve a particular type of young person but a typology of events that happen in a young person's life. The 'youth homeless career' is a following family breakdown

Young families with young children are a significant sub-group in the homeless population, with some 55,000 children passing through SAAP services in a year.

Australia's Homeless Youth: a report of the National Youth Commission Inquiry into Youth Homelessness / National Youth Commission

Apology to wards of the state reflects our collective regret

KATE GAFFNEY
October 29, 2009

As many as half a million Australian children were placed in institutions and foster care throughout the 20th century. Many were wards of the state, under the direct guardianship of state welfare departments, which often failed to protect them from physical, emotional and sexual abuse, despite annual inspections of institutions and legislation that often precluded the use of corporal punishment.

Institutions were seen as an easy solution to complex social problems and children bore the brunt of society's inability to deal with social disadvantage. Whilst others would say "no we are the children that Governments forgot."

So how do we as a society define homelessness?" Whilst others would say "no we are the children that Governments forgot."

Shadow Minister for Housing and Community Services 2nd Dec, 1999

They gave us lives but they didn't give us any foundation



13. What if the bank runs out of money?

Some players think the Bank is bankrupt if it runs out of money. The Bank **never** goes bankrupt.

To continue playing, use slips of paper to keep track of each player's banking transactions—until the Bank has enough paper money to operate again.

ships from craig strege III
studio wall, Venice, 1977

As a resident at the Haven the control we were permitted over our respective incomes was disempowering. When being screened for an available room at the Haven, the compulsory agreement requires you to have commissioned rent directly deposited into the Haven Association account before you even have access to it. As a resident you also have to partake in a compulsory savings scheme where you have to make a weekly automatic direct deposit into the Haven Association account alongside the commissioned rent. This might sound ok in theory, stopping fucked up kids from spending their last dollars on a stick from ole mate at school, but in practice it has many other implications in the fragile aesthetic it's put into practice. The catch is you have to state exactly what it is you are saving up for and it has to be approved by the Haven coordinator. A car, further education or a cd player would be acceptable; tattoos, piercings or spraypaint for stencils would be a definite no-no. I don't want to spend my money on a car, I want art supplies. We had limited access to our money once it was in 'savings' - an application to use your savings had to be submitted well in advance, then once approved and purchased a receipt was required. For example, Jaide wanted to use her savings to buy tampons one evening. She was denied access to her own money and instead given a pad from the first aid kit. I'd be frustrated, belittled, offended and feeling angry that I would have to inform a youth worker my underwear was soaked with blood and I needed a measly \$5 of my own cash to take care of myself independently. A more practical system should be in place where young people ~~may have~~ issues with communication, self-esteem, confidence, abuse, trust ~~for~~ example. Independence and autonomy is vital in creating long term positive development in a person.

12. May I make my own rules?

Some people play MONOPOLY according to what are called "house rules." A common example is placing Sales Tax money on Free Parking. The official Parker Brothers' rules—which are followed in tournament play—do not allow such variations.



The Haven housing commission flats were first established when I was living in the main Haven building. They chose my friend Jaide and I to be the guinea pigs of the new program. We jumped on the opportunity, eager to get into our own place away from the shelter and back in town where we wouldn't be so geographically isolated. Curfews, designated homework hours and limited transport be gone! It was the first time either of us were to sign a lease, so we looked over it carefully with the aid of an independent community development officer assisting us through the process. A month after moving in we both were stung with an extra \$25 a fortnight coming directly out of our bank accounts along with automatic payment of rent. \$25 goes a long way when your on centrelink, going to school, paying bills and other living expenses independent of any guardian or parent. After calling the Haven coordinator he said that in the lease he included a fee for having the lawn mowed when required (the yard we had was very small as we lived in a two room flat). After explaining that we were quite content and capable of mowing our own lawn, we then asked Mark why he hadn't verbally told us that lawn service was included in the agreement or made it more clear on the contract for even the Community Development Officer hadn't seen the extra expense. After tip toeing around the issue during negotiations, he later removed the cost from the agreement. When other Haven workers found out about the situation some were infuriated. It's a low blow to rip off two homeless young women. Just because someone has a career where in their role they are supposed to respect disengaged young people doesn't always mean that will happen. There needs to be more of a shit filter process in selecting people employed in these fields of care.

Had the wrath of STATE CARE, fancy \$1000 ?

Being homeless and living in and out of shelters does have a few positives. Shortly after being taken from home I lost my case worker who was working on my file and representing me before Centrelink and Child Safety. She wasn't allowed to communicate with me and we had to completely cut all ties because lawyers and legal shit was involved. This left me hanging without a clue about what options I had as a homeless young person. So I started sifting through some of the bolts and cranies in the social welfare section and I found this gem..

What is TILA ?

TILA is one-off practical support from the Australian Governmentto assist some young people who are making the transition from formal and informal careto independent living.

You may be eligible to get TIIA if

I scored a laptop, digital camera
and video recorder for my art.

TILA (the Allowance) of \$1,000 is available to all young people aged between 15 and 25 years who are preparing to, or have exited, State or Territory based Care and/or informal Care such as: Juvenile Justice; Out of Home Care - including SAAP services; or Aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander kinship care arrangements. TILA funds are available to assist a maximum of 2,500 young people each financial year.

Some Of The Cool Shit You Can Get With The TILA 'Allowance'

- Connection to Utilities to assist in the establishment of housing (e.g. phone, electricity and gas)
How to apply

How to apply Tilt Application

Tila Application and Payment Process

- Referring agencies will complete the necessary referral and Centrelink verification forms and return them to the TILA Officer at SYFS for assessment. Once the application has been approved the referring agency will be asked to purchase the item and at their earliest convenience forward the receipt to SYFS and SYFS will reimburse the agency. products)

Check out the website,
www.tla.org.au

HOW TO STEAL A BIKE FROM K-MART* IN 10 EASY STEPS... Hell YER!! Wuuuu

1 Research where a shop is in an outer suburb that you have never been to, and will never go to again.

2 Plan the time of day you wish to do the deed - the morning has the advantage of less people, staff will also be drowsy and not alert enough to think/react to your cunning plan. In the afternoon there are more people, but if planned adequately, can be used as obstructions. Ideal ~~choose~~ choose pension pay day!



Fork out for a \$2.50 can of spray paint and pack it in the backpack (very important). You don't want to get ~~3/4~~ through and be seized.

Next your partner in crime and your self should make a visit to the trusty ole' bottle and get some dutch courage - but not too much; a drunk punk + display bike + neon consumer lights = a possible recipe for disaster.

5 On the train to the dero suburb listen to your fav blatentent, quality crime!

3

4

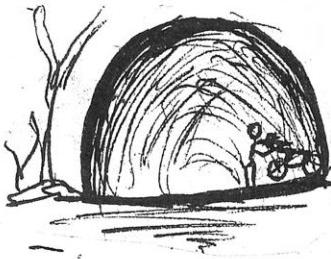


Cleveland Ahoy!

* CORPORATE SHITHOLE

PERFECT HIDEOUT -
CREepy SUBURBAN TUNNEL

② when on the train platform take note of departure times and when walking to the consumer shit hole look for creeks, bridges, alleys and devise humorous getaway options. DO NOT make the mistake of forgetting about observing inside the shopping centre. (I did. This resulted in me riding through the food court whilst being chased by security guards.)



When in K-mart don't fuck around - grab a basket and fill it with trinkets as you walk to the bike section.

proves for an embarrassing arrest. Keep in mind that you can't really adjust the bike at the time of theft, and lets face it, stolen bikes HAVE to be able to ride faster than a casual peddle to your lovers squat or your favourite dumpster of an evening. Try the bike out by riding down the aisle. NOTE: If caught and the sum of all the items does not exceed \$150 in QLD, its only a regular latory offence, not a criminal offence & bright spark knowledge.

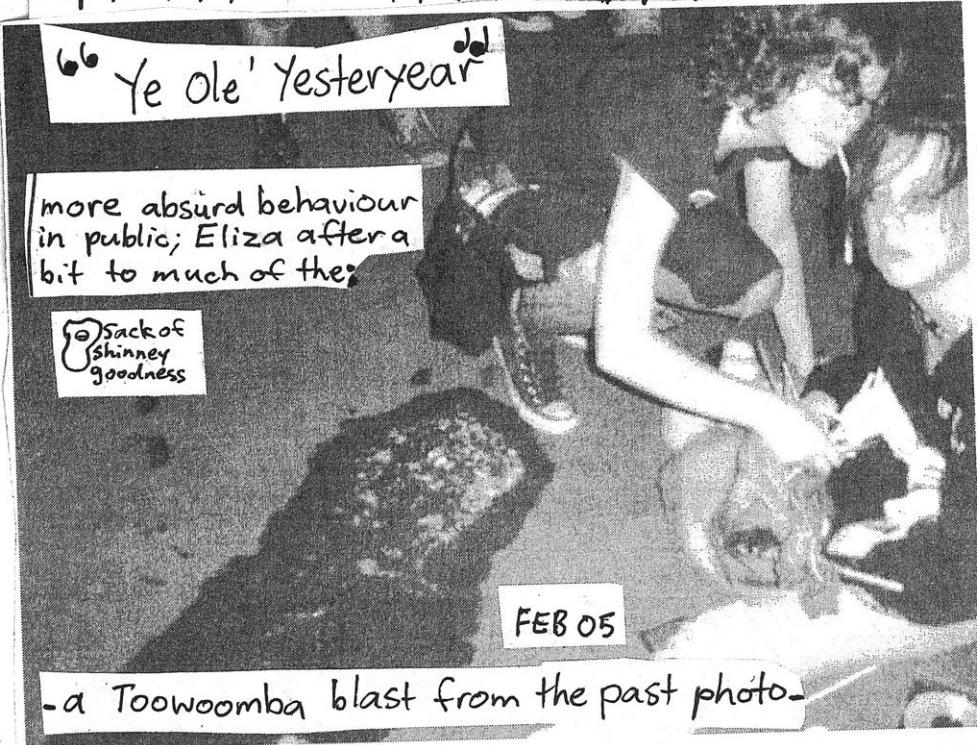


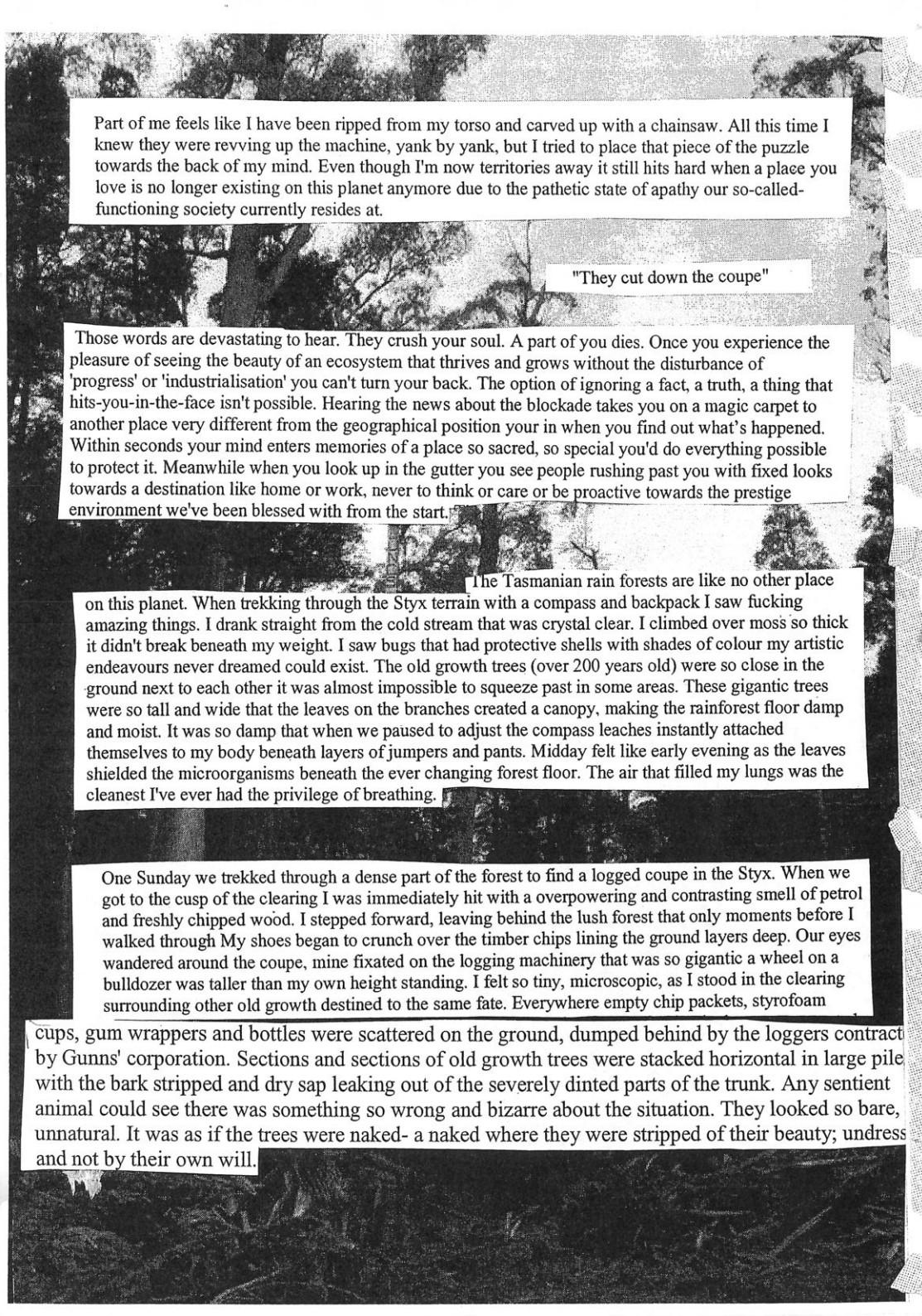
TERRORISING
THE
MID-DAY
SUBURBAN
SHOPPERS

With confidence stroll up to the exit point, smile at the pesty 'bag check' employee - and without hesitation jump on the bike and get peddling. Surprise is the secret ingredient in this scheme and is vital to your success. If you feel like being cheeky, like being cheeky, like being cheeky,

don't bother removing the price tag - its fucking obvious what you are doing; so enjoy the attention. Don't stop pedalling till you are way past the carpark.

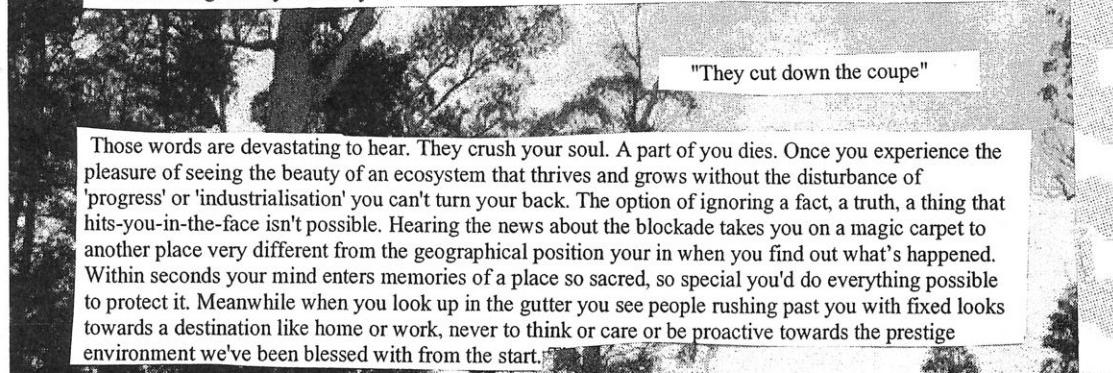
10 Spray paint the fuck outta the bikes. Don't get it on your clothes - no one wants to look anymore like a suss cunt than usual. Dispose of the can immediately; all possible forms of evidence should be errased. Make sure to paint over the serial number. Change clothes if ya wanna cover tracks even furthur.



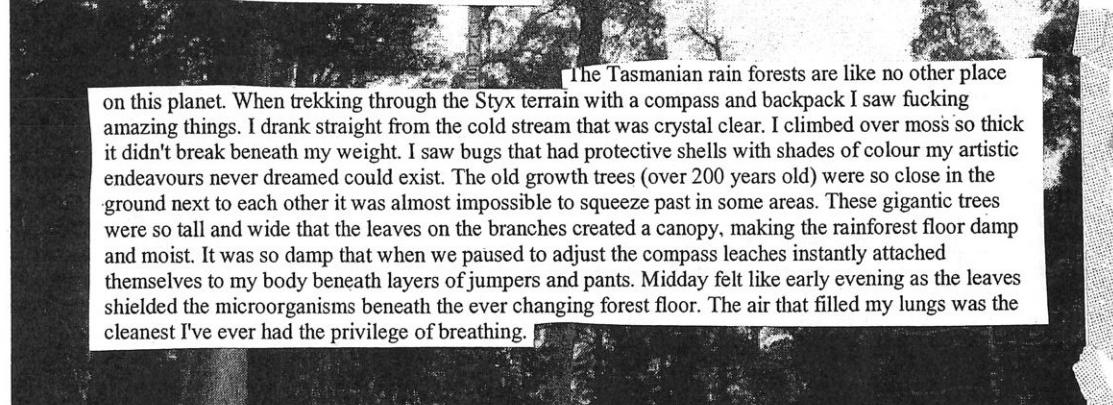


Part of me feels like I have been ripped from my torso and carved up with a chainsaw. All this time I knew they were revving up the machine, yank by yank, but I tried to place that piece of the puzzle towards the back of my mind. Even though I'm now territories away it still hits hard when a place you love is no longer existing on this planet anymore due to the pathetic state of apathy our so-called-functioning society currently resides at.

"They cut down the coupe"

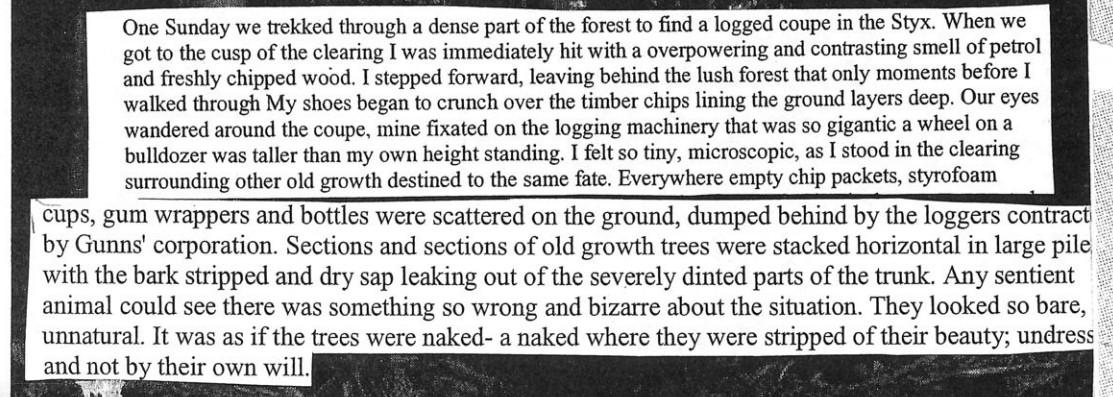


Those words are devastating to hear. They crush your soul. A part of you dies. Once you experience the pleasure of seeing the beauty of an ecosystem that thrives and grows without the disturbance of 'progress' or 'industrialisation' you can't turn your back. The option of ignoring a fact, a truth, a thing that hits-you-in-the-face isn't possible. Hearing the news about the blockade takes you on a magic carpet to another place very different from the geographical position your in when you find out what's happened. Within seconds your mind enters memories of a place so sacred, so special you'd do everything possible to protect it. Meanwhile when you look up in the gutter you see people rushing past you with fixed looks towards a destination like home or work, never to think or care or be proactive towards the prestige environment we've been blessed with from the start.



The Tasmanian rain forests are like no other place

on this planet. When trekking through the Styx terrain with a compass and backpack I saw fucking amazing things. I drank straight from the cold stream that was crystal clear. I climbed over moss so thick it didn't break beneath my weight. I saw bugs that had protective shells with shades of colour my artistic endeavours never dreamed could exist. The old growth trees (over 200 years old) were so close in the ground next to each other it was almost impossible to squeeze past in some areas. These gigantic trees were so tall and wide that the leaves on the branches created a canopy, making the rainforest floor damp and moist. It was so damp that when we paused to adjust the compass leaches instantly attached themselves to my body beneath layers of jumpers and pants. Midday felt like early evening as the leaves shielded the microorganisms beneath the ever changing forest floor. The air that filled my lungs was the cleanest I've ever had the privilege of breathing.



One Sunday we trekked through a dense part of the forest to find a logged coupe in the Styx. When we got to the cusp of the clearing I was immediately hit with a overpowering and contrasting smell of petrol and freshly chipped wood. I stepped forward, leaving behind the lush forest that only moments before I walked through. My shoes began to crunch over the timber chips lining the ground layers deep. Our eyes wandered around the coupe, mine fixated on the logging machinery that was so gigantic a wheel on a bulldozer was taller than my own height standing. I felt so tiny, microscopic, as I stood in the clearing surrounding other old growth destined to the same fate. Everywhere empty chip packets, styrofoam

cups, gum wrappers and bottles were scattered on the ground, dumped behind by the loggers contract by Guns' corporation. Sections and sections of old growth trees were stacked horizontal in large pile with the bark stripped and dry sap leaking out of the severely dinted parts of the trunk. Any sentient animal could see there was something so wrong and bizarre about the situation. They looked so bare, unnatural. It was as if the trees were naked- a naked where they were stripped of their beauty; undress and not by their own will.

and stacked horizontally. Again, like the bulldozer wheel, it was taller than me. I placed my hand on the trees age rings and like an electric jolt, a wave of anger went through the veins in my hand and then all over my body. This tree, so old, was so important for so long to the ecosystem surrounding it containing insects, animals and organisms. Now, to some pitiful members of the homo sapien species, it's sole purpose will be something to wipe their arse on after a shit. I sat on the woodchips next to the tree trunk and cried. I didn't just cry over that one tree. I cried because during the 7hour trek up to the coupe along the way there were red plastic tags attached to heaps of the trees. Marked trees. Trees that were stained the colour of a future fate of being logged within the next two months. To climb, walk, crawl and jump through a place like no other in this world and come to the cold fact that the beautiful and magnificent space is controlled by a cold hearted ceo with no appreciation for its natural worth is heart wrenching. How could something so precious that desperately needs protecting slip through a communities collective hands and into a money hungry minority? The contracted logging company and Forestry Tasmania aren't cutting even, and are being subsidised by Tasmanian tax payers pockets.

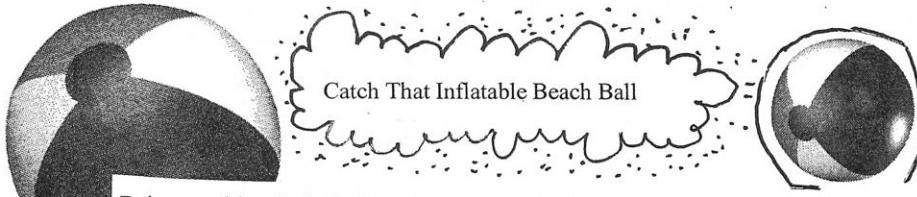


This zine is proudly supported by Brisbane's
Visible Ink Space.

Visible Ink Valley is part of a network of spaces provided by Brisbane City Council to young people under 26 and to organisations that support them.

Visible Ink Valley is open to the public Monday to Thursday from 12 noon to 5pm. Staff are always available to show you around and answer your questions.

You can find out more about the Visible Ink network by visiting www.visible-ink.org



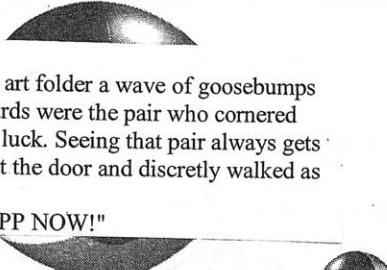
Catch That Inflatable Beach Ball

Being a cold and windy Saturday afternoon in Toowoomba the street urchins of Grand Central shopping centre moved from the garden bed to the fire escape in search of warmth. After a few durries were lit and a few tunes from the mp3 player echoed through the stairwell my mischievous side got the better of me. Sure enough, out came the paint and stencils from my backpack. Within minutes the exact same fire escape I'd been arrested in when I was 15 for the exact same behaviour was filled with the all to familiar smell of aresol. That entire day I had been trying to reach my goal- completely finish all the cans I brought up from Brisbane before hitching out again. While we waited for the stencils to dry I felt more at ease and one by one I put them back in the folder as we made plans for the night. Big mistake. I froze as the door handle turned. No one spoke, we all just stared at the piece of steel as it rotated downwards and the metal clicked. Walky talkies staticked and white pressed uniforms, black leather belts and epilates came into vision.

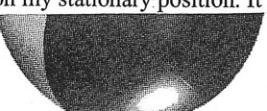
"Get out. NOW. All of you kids."

As I grabbed my backpack and the last stencil next to the art folder a wave of goosebumps swept over my body. Then I realised the two security guards were the pair who cornered me, can in hand, three floors above when I was 15. What luck. Seeing that pair always gets my heart beating a little faster. We all silently pushed past the door and discretely walked as fast as possible towards the carpark exit.

"STOP. ALL OF YOU STOP. WE SAID STOP. SSTOOPP NOW!"



Flashing a look behind; I could see the guards were gaining speed. In my world, there's only one thing to do in a situation like this. No point sacrificing yourself to a pit of lions loyal to the law created by the elite. I took a big breath in, looked at my untied bootlaces, art folder in one hand, watter bottle in the other and my 12kg backpack that had straps undone. It was Saturday afternoon; no fucking way in hell was I gonna spend the night in lockup, sober, and get a massive fine for being a public artist. Looking at the mates either side of me, I bolted from the footpath out onto the street.



Without dare glancing back I ran across the bridge. I owe a big thankyou to adrenalin. It kicked in. I was in the heart of CBD Toowoomba- police beats at all exit points and city safe cameras on full roll- 3pm. I legged it into the library carpark. Within a split second I had thoughts of, 'fuck shit fuck; get to a place were there's people around...' (that security guard has a well known reputation for being an absolute arsehole, who, in desperate attempts will 'takes things into his own hands'). I pelted the waterbottle in his general direction in the hope of setting him off course as I darted between the parked cars, eventually making it out onto the adjasent three lane one way street. Brakes slammed and cars made the sound of screeching. For a second it felt like everything was in slow motion as I turned and saw people blatently staring from different directions as the cars came to an abrupt hault. My phone flew out of my pocket and landed between the dotted white lines on the bitchemen. Swinging a 180 to retrieve, he gained ground on my stationary position. It

wasn't game over just yet. Snatching the phone off the the ground I scampered behind a parked car on the sidewalk and screamed as loud as my lungs could compensate, "You can't fucking touch me!!!!".

It was at that point I realised I'd caused a bit of commotion. The elderly woman inside the parked car rolled up her windows as she and her friend paused their discussion to watch the ordeal. Heh, those ladies had front row seats. A few people waiting outside the library crossed the road, I assume they were hoping for some live entertainment too. Like cat and mouse, we rotted at a slow pace around the cars perimeter. Every step the security guard had his arms extended either side of his chest. The washed up middle aged man who'd been working as a security guard at Grand Central since I can remember, since it was opened, glared at me as if he was trying to pierce my eyes whilst he held the walkie talky in his hand like it was the biggest gem in a treasure chest.

He said, "You're that stencil girl, come here."

Slightly petrified, but rolling on the natural adrenalin released I blurted, "No fucking way. Get fucked"

"If you have nothing to hide girl why not come here."

"I don't fucking trust you no fucking way. Why should I. I don't have to answer you- I've left the property."

"It smelt like paint in the stairwell". Glimpsing either side of me, people in the street were still tranfixed on the ordeal.

"Fuck off. It's had graff in it since it was fucking built. You can't fucking touch me."

Shaking, I stepped to the side of the car, the barrier, the shield that separated the security guard from me. After a few slow steps to the left of the car I broke into a run along Margaret Street- the main drag of the entire town. It was the fastest route to the tunnels that led outa the cbd radius. It's times like this were local knowledge is priceless. Heh,

Toowoomba born and raised has finally payed off on a good note rather than being payed out. He followed me like a puppy chasing a brightly coloured inflatable beach ball. Trying to be non-conspicuous in a small town has never really worked for any of my friends or myself. I crossed to the other side of the street. He stopped. Surprised, I turned around. And to this day, I still can't fucking believe this, the next and last thing he said to me was, "Fucking slut". Yep. In the main street of Toowoomba near a major bus stop on the footpath directly outside of IGA/Village Fair. It's safe to say that a lot of pensioners heard that one.

Regardless, I kept running through the back streets and alleys I'd freshly painted earlier that morning and didn't stop till I hit the grassy bank of the tunnel near Chalk Drive. With knowledge from after school shenanigans, I quickly made my way through the water drainage system, and twenty mintes later was in the carpark of the local bottlo and outside the cbd radar. My friend looey and I conversed over the phone that a tallie was indeed immediately required. The seceys layed out a red carpet carpark escape for another local artist.

WRITING ON THE WALL FOR GRAFFITI VANDALS

November 8, 2009

Premier Nathan Rees today announced a crack down on graffiti vandals across NSW.

Mr Rees said that the Government will take a hardline approach to graffiti and has developed a number of tough initiatives aimed squarely at tackling this crime.

"The community is fed up with their streets being defaced by senseless vandals.

who think they can operate above the law," Mr Rees said.

"Graffiti is not a victimless crime - it makes people feel unsafe, eats away at the pride people have for their towns and suburbs and this is simply not on."

Writing graffiti is about the most honest way you can be an artist. It takes no money to do it, you don't need an education to understand it and there's no ad mission fee
- Banksy

I didn't need to Hide in a Cupboard

I can't remember exactly when I cut my first stencil. I was in my school uniform in the basement of my parents house and it was a picture of a pig silhouette with the text 'Meat=Murder'. Earlier that day I had gone to a cheapo store and bought two cans of Aust Export paint coloured black and red (r.i.p the times were you could be under 18 and purchase spraypaint at ease). After cutting it I had this sudden urge to spraypaint every fucking surface possible in the street. So I did. I used up both cans on the first go. From then on, a seed was planted in my beating heart. I started cutting heaps and heaps of stencils every night. And when it was late I'd go out and decorate my suburb with a sense of satisfaction at the end of the session. I found comfort in public art, predominantly towards the politically driven concepts which never cease to provide a nice contrasting backdrop in the conservative country town I lived in. The angrier I became about the abuse in my childhood the more I focused on wanting to spraypaint shit. It was an outlet to express the paradigm I had of the world and my personal life.

Then I was removed from home (cops present and all) and placed in a youth shelter. It was here my craving for street art went into full swing. Constantly at the Haven people moved in and out, bringing with them complex issues that were woven into the unstable dynamic of the space. Every day something would happen at the shelter where I would feel uncomfortable. My first few weeks at the Haven were fucking painful and stressful beyond belief. I was so scared to come out of my room unless it was meal time and I'd eat less than a quarter of what was on my plate (and only then because it was compulsory). If I did something so simple as sneeze I would feel ashamed for making a noise and I'd look around me to see who heard the evidence that I even existed. When the kettle clicked boiled I'd be shaking so much in fear of someone hurting me that whenever I tried to pour hot water would spill everywhere over the bench. Having a shower was hard; grabbing a towel, getting toiletries into a small bag and getting undressed felt like an impossible action to accomplish. If I was sitting in the living area and someone else came into the room I'd flinch before the realization that nothing bad was going to happen. Every morning I'd get on the school bus and be shaking with anxiety about having to attempt assignments and mix with students who had no idea of what I was experiencing. The idea of feeling so isolated and abandoned was overwhelming. No matter what sentence I managed to string together, I felt no one could comprehend the extent of discomfort I was in. Because now I was a shelter kid. A street kid. A kid who was iron branded on the fore head as a biproduct of a mum and dad spat out and rejected, left to be

the responsibility of no willing adult. A kid who was owned by the state and its web of bureaucracy.

Looking back, I see the initial few weeks at the Haven as a total deprogramming of my old life. I was stripped back to a raw state of mind, a new canvas with a backdrop of obvious trauma. My mind that was held hostage in a concrete cell built by years of devastating experiences was challenged by my new environment. I was making a transition from one survival situation to another. For three weeks I barely slept, I couldn't look people in the eye, couldn't read a text book, couldn't even make a phone call as I tried to comprehend the last 15 years of my existence. Slowly, over time I made my way out of the cocoon I had nestled in, step by step, moment by moment.

So much rage existed within my veins. It lead to more and more stencil cutting in the shelter. After school I'd just sit in my room at the Haven, door closed, drink red cordial and tea, cut stencils at the small desk on a slant with a rickety chair and play music really loud. That bedroom was my safe space. The very first safe space I'd ever had in my entire life (despite the issues surrounding shelter life). I was away from the environment that suffocated and disillusioned every thought that developed in my mind. It was a space were I could reflect, explore and begin to process my childhood without the distorted dynamic created by interacting with individuals associated with the pain and discomfort I was experiencing. Especially whilst I was struggling to come to terms with the past, present and what I thought would be a future filled with more violence. A future of no hope. I covered the walls in my favourite old gig posters that hid the permanent angst filled marks shelter kids had left before me. At one stage I was cutting roughly 5 stencils a week, all with at least two layers and intreget lines. I was in a very intense and extreme situation. It was a survival mechanism to counteract the horrible things happening all around me, every day of my life. It was a release from the physical and emotional violence from peers at the Haven, attempting to do school, child safety meetings and the terrifying interactions I had with my family.

The first few months of removal were devastating for all parties involved. A lot of stress was caused from a breach in confidentiality by a secutary at my sisters school. She telephoned my mum and informed her that child safety where interviewing her daughter over the possibility of domestic violence in the home. Really, what a fucking idiot receptionist. This led to immense communication breakdown issues resulting in every member of my immediate family being

seriously hurt. I'm still surprised I didn't go full swing into drugs and hard(er) drinking. The temptation was always there. I'd wake up feeling sick in the stomach every morning, wishing the pain would go away. I felt like my body was being thrown against a concrete wall the second I woke up in the morning. Being alive meant fondling blindly through a web of lies from perpetrators, social workers and government bureaucracy.

My time at the Haven was always a fragile and an incredibly delicate situation. My confidence and self-esteem was non-existent. I blamed and loathed myself for where I was, what I had become. A shelter kid. I believed I deserved to be hated, bashed, despised and treated like shit. Five years later as I write this, half a decade later, it has taken me this long to be able to look in the mirror and not want to smash it to pieces. To be able to take the experiences I've had for what they're worth in knowledge and rise above the horrible atrocity of sexual, physical and emotional abuse. At the Haven I was always on edge and hyper sensitive to what was happening around me. I'd be dead right now if it wasn't for my supportive friends, community and that burning incentive to go and spray paint.

Every Thursday night it's late night shopping in Toowoomba. As an excursion, the Haven would drive us into town in the white shelter van (which had windows that were deliberately designed so they couldn't be opened haha) at approximately 6pm. Then at 9pm the shelter van would come and pick us up in the main street of Toowoomba near the servo carpark. Those three hours in the cbd were my guaranteed weekly angst antidote. With a backpack full of cans and a pizza box containing stencils and disposable gloves Jaide and I pranced around the cbd alleyways climbing on top of industrial bins, metal stairways and over barbed wire fences with the desire to instigate public discussion through street art. Often some of my other friends would join me on the expedition to leave a mark on the town we lived in that desperately needed to be exposed to the undercurrents it was harboring.

One Thursday night I painted a stencil inside the toilets of Toowoomba's shopping centre. There was no response after waiting outside in a nearby bush. So being the little shit I was, I thought I'd push my limits just that little bit further. I started painting through the shopping centre stairwells, always keeping in time with the security guard checks on the opposite side of the carpark. Due to a unfortunate miscalculation on my behalf, two security guards, coming from adjacent entrances managed to corner me on one of the stairwell platforms.

There I was, sitting in the police beat as they looked through my collection of stencils. Due to their constant rough handling, I witnessed stencil parts breaking off and falling onto the sterile table that separated the police from me in the interrogation room. My art that amounted to many hours of work was tossed around like they were worthless. After being questioned on how I would describe the meaning of some specific stencils, they asked me for a parental phone number. Shitted off beyond belief due to the treatment of my stencils, my tolerance level was totally capped. I blurted out before being able to rethink diplomatically the point I wanted to communicate, "I'm fucking independent of my parents, I live in a fucking shelter ya fucking pig" (Yep, pissed off 15 year old talking there. Currently at the age of 19, I can hold my tongue even when my buttons are pressed).

After confusion from the police on deciding what the hell to do and were to dump me next, thirty minutes

later I found myself in a paddywaggon being driven back to the Haven shelter. When I was in the cop vehicle

I was frightened about what the shelter consequences would be for being caught. After a period of panic, I had a moment of clarity. I knew I wasn't going to get bashed up over it.

I knew I wasn't going to be screamed at and told that I was an absolute piece of shit and that I disgraced the family.

I knew I wasn't going to be told those things repetitively every day of my life

for the next few months and have ongoing references of the incident for eternity.

The thing I loved, stenciling, was ok within the perspective of my personal life.

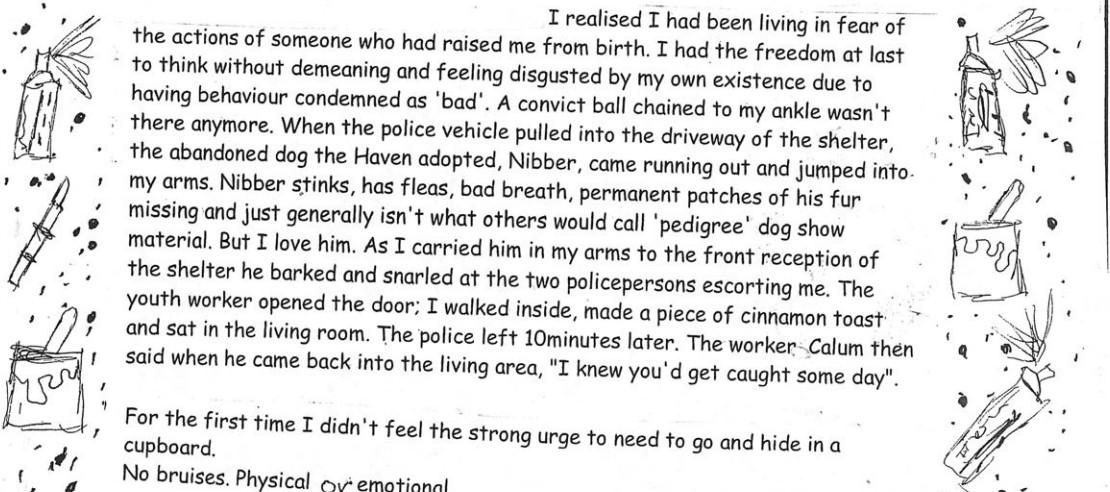
I sat in the back of the waggon with an absence of mind wrenching, petrified fear.



the actions of someone who had raised me from birth. I had the freedom at last to think without demeaning and feeling disgusted by my own existence due to having behaviour condemned as 'bad'. A convict ball chained to my ankle wasn't there anymore. When the police vehicle pulled into the driveway of the shelter, the abandoned dog the Haven adopted, Nibber, came running out and jumped into my arms. Nibber stinks, has fleas, bad breath, permanent patches of his fur missing and just generally isn't what others would call 'pedigree' dog show material. But I love him. As I carried him in my arms to the front reception of the shelter he barked and snarled at the two policepersons escorting me. The youth worker opened the door; I walked inside, made a piece of cinnamon toast and sat in the living room. The police left 10minutes later. The worker, Calum then said when he came back into the living area, "I knew you'd get caught some day".

For the first time I didn't feel the strong urge to need to go and hide in a cupboard.

No bruises. Physical or emotional.





FLESHBECK
CREW



Rio De Janeiro
(South zone)

Breathe a little life into a
concrete wall near you today!

Katie and I asked a truckie who'd picked us up, "So how did you manage to pull over so quickly? we're in a shit spot!"

To which the response was:

"Ah heard bout ya's on the radio..."

"One bloke said there was two sheilas on the highway near Hexam"

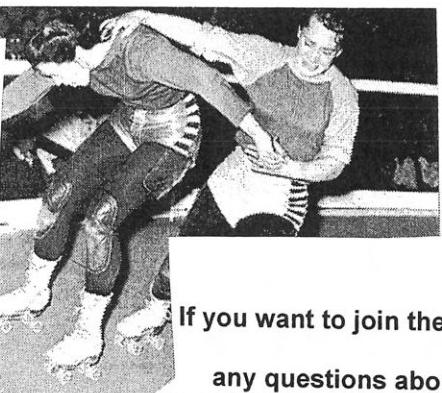
"Then another said ya look like jail bait."

"And then the next bloke said ya's looked like two bush pigs"

"That's ow I knew." ah

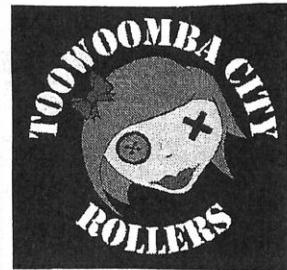
Emily

The Toowoomba City Rollers will be the first league to start up in Toowoomba.



CONTACT US!

If you want to join the Toowoomba City Rollers Roller Derby team or have any questions about Roller Derby, feel free to contact us!



Phone: 0431 550 161 (Ellen)
Toowoombacityrollers@hotmail.com

[v.myspace.com/toowoombacityrollers](http://myspace.com/toowoombacityrollers)

Facebook: Toowoomba Roller Derby

Training Every Sunday 2pm
Nell. E. Robinson Park

All girl, flat track,
full contact, roller derby!



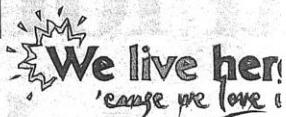
Our team is dedicated to empowering women, and young people in the community to take up a team sport, challenge the way people view women, support personal growth and foster resilience, continuing friendships whilst increasing fitness and endurance in team members. Members create their roller derby alter egos, don roller skates and protective gear and let out some steam on the track!



A Touch of Toowoomba

Where: Stonestreet's Coaches, Warwick Street

Reporter: Jim Campbell **Photographer:** Bev Lacey



Curious as to what goes on in the sleepy town on top of the hill? It's a strange place surrounded by farms, bushland and country folk. Here's a snippet of one day's worth of headlines in the local paper: 18 The Chronicle, Thursday, October 22, 2009



**COPING
WITH KIDS**
with Dr John
Irvine

AS A school principal, I can't count the number of times when I tried to find out why a student has a bad attitude to teachers, we find the parents have bad and bitter memories of their own teachers.

School let many of us down, so sometimes teacher's bullied kids, school was cruel to them; education was based on fear, not love of learning, and sometimes parents carry those fears and feelings over and through their children.

What to do:

IF YOUR child really dislikes most adults, not just teachers, then he/she probably has a problem with adult authority and that problem requires immediate intervention with a professional psychologist or the school counsellor.

www.thechronicle.com.au

sday, October 22, 2009

11
● Re E, tba. So your telling me that tight jeans on boys look good? I don't mind if you want to dress up like a girl, that's completely up to you. However I'm a guy, who wears normal pants

Ma, tba

- We need harder punishment for crimes of stealing people's hard earned possessions.
- There is nothing wrong with stubble but please have a bit of common decency and wash your face.

DB

A TOOWOOMBA doctor yesterday faced court charged with raping a female patient in a Lockyer Valley surgery.

The 39-year-old man, who cannot be named unless committed to stand trial, appeared in custody in the Ipswich Magistrates Court and ● As a first time visitor, you should be proud of the beauty Toowoomba presents, your residents are very welcoming. Thank you.

H, MARGA

SMS 2 Ed can be sent to 0428 725 483. Entries will be checked for taste and legal issues, but will run as they are received. We prefer they contain your initials and suburb.

● Re should not be in school. It is not education. leave it for churches to teach on sundays and yes i go to church on sundays. It really is just another time out for teachers.

DB Withcott

DB CROWS NEST

Worm racing in park

- COME and celebrate Crows

NEY: If you believe the urban legends, the pairs of shoes tied together with laces and slung over powerlines could be evidence of nearby drug dealers, or turf markers for gangs.

But whatever the explanation for those hanging shoes, EnergyAustralia is fed up.

Labelling the practice "shoefiti", the electricity retailer says it has the potential to disrupt power supplies and put public safety at risk.

And it says shoefiti is on the rise in some areas of Sydney.

Energy Australia is urging people to report shoes hanging from powerlines.

— AAP

BIBLE DIGEST

"I tell you, No: but, except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:5 AKJV) Biblical repentance means that we turn away from sin and turn toward Jesus. We love Jesus and hate

THURSDAY SERMON

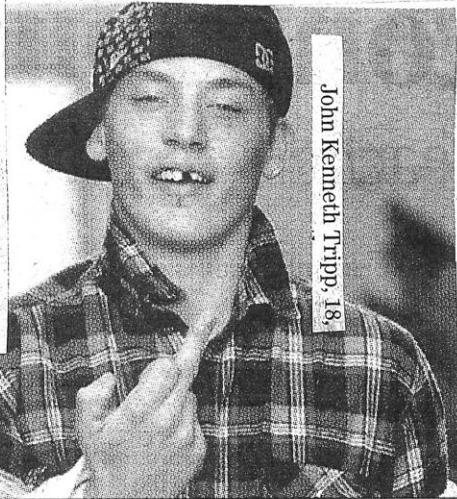
Bible provides guideline

that all you insight about their parenting

Red Cross would love if

Toowoomba residents joined the volunteers who visit the centres fortnightly to massage and care for these beautiful wrinkled old hands.

Please contact Robyn on 0409 330 693 for more information.



John Kenneth Tripp leaves the Toowoomba Police Station watch house after his arrest in June.

pledged guilty to his role, with a juvenile co-accused, in the armed robbery of a taxi driver of \$400 at a Ruthven Street car wash on the night of June 6; the armed robbery of another taxi driver of \$500 at Harristown two days later during which a knife was held to the complainant's throat; the unlawful use and torching of a Holden Rodeo utility at Cambooya later the same day; deprivation of liberty of a 14-year-old girl placed into the boot of a car and eventually left in parkland at Ravensbourne on June 4.

● A mother at 17! Wat is going on! Do you realise you are going to be struggling for years and years, unless you have rich mummy and daddy to support you! I feel sorry for whoever it is who is gunna be pulled into the scene because you can't support your child. Wat were you thinking!

'Obesity stretches the jeans'

OBESITY wasn't a problem in my youth in spite of enjoying plenty of eggs, bacon, butter and best of all, pork dripping on my grandma's home-made bread.

Nobody had heard of trans fats and the only takeaway was the local fish and chips shop, a once a week treat.

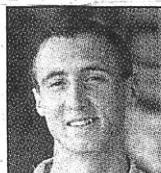
I don't remember eating a lot of fruit or vegetables, except with roast dinners. Didn't drink tea, coffee or soft drinks, only milk and the odd bottle of pop, usually Tizer.

In my 80s, I don't have high cholesterol or heart problems, so I think it's all down to one's genes and the fact the food of my young era was pure and unadulterated by chemicals plus a fair amount of home-grown fruit and vegetables.

JOAN DUNLOP,
Toowoomba

STREET BEAT:

Should teachers be paid more?



Anthony Flanagan



Tracey Fing



Adam Macleod



Ivy Lam

Anthony Flanagan: "Yes, because they teach people in school so yes they should."

Tracey Fing: "Yes, so they can keep working and to stop them going on strike."

Adam Macleod: "Yes probably, because they look after kids at school."

Ivy Lam: "Yes, because kids have too much freedom and it would be very hard."

The three children aged six, four and 21 months, had been home alone on the night of March 16, a fact alerted to police after the two older children went to a neighbour's home seeking help.

When the children's 25-year-old mother arrived home, she initially told police she had arranged for someone to mind the children while she went to the chemist.

However, she later admitted to police she gone out to the pub at 8.50pm and returned about 12.45am, Mr Winlaw said.

"A rum and coke with leather, please sir"

After Sunday \$5 Jugs at the Irish in Toowoomba some of my old sharehouse mates were keen to have dinner at 'The Sports Club'. Curious, as I'd never been there before I accompanied my friends to a meal.

There were only two tables in the whole venue that were occupied and another had a few spirits and cocktails lonesomely left unattended on the table. Thinking the drinks were abandoned, I zoomed in on the win- acquiring a long island ice tea and a rum and coke.

Fifteen minutes later people returned to the table. Not just any people though, they were bikies- with the classic leather jackets and long pony tails. I felt my cheeks starting to heat up as they twisted their heads and eyed the room. Unfortunately my sheepishness in trying to be magically invisible didn't work and the manager came over to me. When he asked I confessed to taking the drinks and the manager followed with a request that I reimburse the bar with \$6.50. Later I was informed the actual sum of such drinks is much higher, particularly for over the bar business.

After my interaction with the manager I slowly walked up to the biker table. My hands were getting sweaty as I waited for them to finish the tail end of a slightly in-depth story. Every biker at the table looked up and fixed their eyes on me.

I stuttered my way through an apology for taking their drinks and explained I table surfing them thinking they were left behind. I successfully did this without pissing my pants due to fear. Instead of a in the haus brawl, a drink being thrown in my face or asked to 'step outside', I received a pleasant reply, especially for Toowoomba standards, 'That's all right dear, you said it to our face. Have a good night.'

Pumpkin Farmers and Pigs In Blue

The coffee hit was vital upon awakening so damn fucking early. The trusty migoreng provided comfort as an accompaniment to the sanity saving hot beverage. I walked forty minutes through the drizzle from Elouise and Lukes haus in Harristown to the top of the Range in Toowoomba. The fog was unbearable; I deemed the situation pointless thumb out on the side of the road, even in the 60km zone. No one was slowing down. There definitely was *not* chance of any driver seeing a kid with a backpack smiling eagerly hoping to be in the warm casuals passing by on the bitchermen. When I say fog- I mean the kinda fog where the other side of four lane road isn't visible. Taking a deep breath-in I legged it across the four lanes towards the Mobil servo. A shit your pants moment. When I walked across the Mobil front door towards a possible lift my eyes caught sight of a familiar servo worker. Getting 'that'

gut feeling I immediately racked my brain of a possible explanation

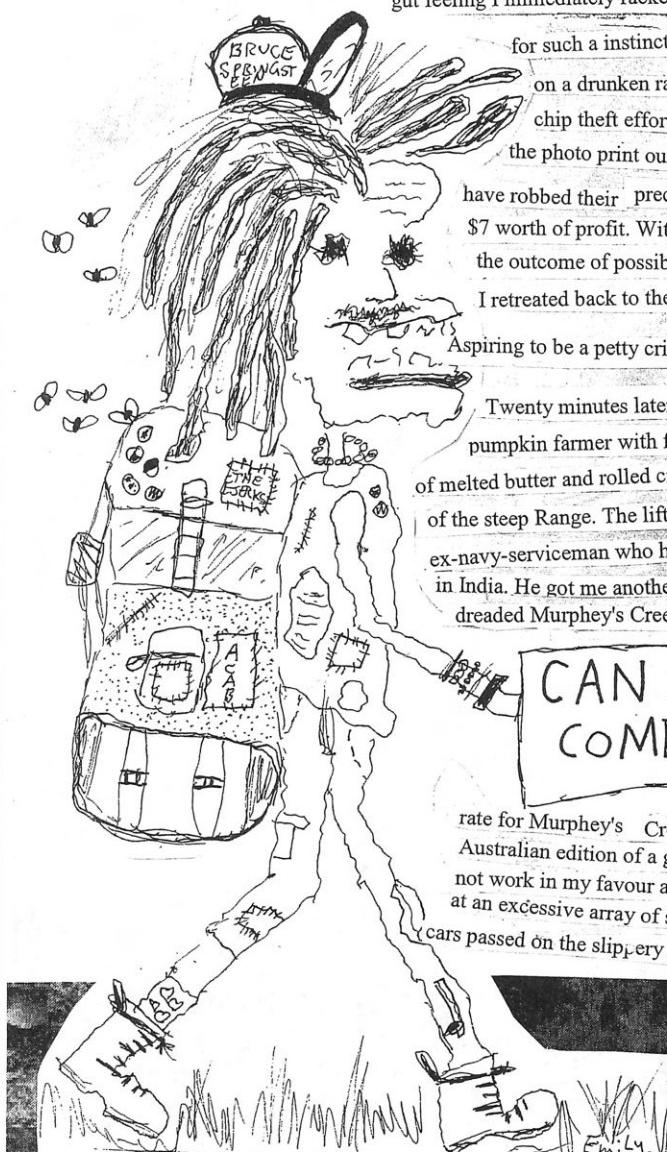
for such a instinct reaction. Bingo. Two weekends ago on a drunken rampage I participated in a collaborative chip theft effort. Its common knowledge servos have the photo print outs of criminally inclined civilians that have robbed their precious corporate store of \$2 and sometimes \$7 worth of profit. Without waiting around to discover the outcome of possible public humiliation for my 'wrong doing', I retreated back to the other side of the road.

Aspiring to be a petty criminal in a small town is harder than it looks.

Twenty minutes later I was in the ute of a 70-something-year-old pumpkin farmer with fake teeth, ripped flannel and the stench of melted butter and rolled cigarettes heading to a turn off at the bottom of the steep Range. The lift following was from a kinda creepy elderly ex-navy-serviceman who had some warped ideas on imperialism in India. He got me another 20km up the road and left me at the dreaded Murphey's Creek turnoff. The fog, combined with a

'not quite right' feeling from the previous hitch and the ridiculously high murder and missing persons percentage/population

rate for Murphey's Creek created the perfect setting for a special Australian edition of a goosebumps paperback. This did not work in my favour as I squinted through the fog to the left at an excessive array of shrubs, overgrown grass and trees whilst cars passed on the slippery highway at 100km an hour. Then I got a



call from my friend Looey who works at the local media station. I was coming up on the police VSU, the description entailing, "12 year old girl with backpack walking along the Warrego Highway going East". It was only 24 hours prior that I had narrowly escaped being arrested and my status was now registered on the CBD city safe camera list as 'wanted'. I was on a mission to leave my home town for months. I started panicking. The police, the thugs, would be on their way. With no hiding spots nearby that I would feel comfortable crouching in for an unspecified amount of time (I didn't like the possibility of appearing months later in a number of pieces like many others who hung around a little to long), I concluded there was nothing left to do but turn up Asking For It's 'Fuck Cops' on my music player and stick my thumb out again in desperation for a quick escape route. Much to my misfortune, within minutes a police car pulled up next to me.



The man in blue wound down the tinted window,

looked me up and down and then stepped out of the vehicle marked with the checkered blue strip I've come to despise with every bone in my body since early primary school. The I.D request promptly followed. Shortly afterwards, I found myself again in the back of a vehicle with pathetic child locked doors, windows that don't unwind and a bullet proof shield separating me from the bastards who assume a uniform and tin badge equate to legitimate power over me. As the back car door was opened for me, I made a conscious point of sinking my boots into the muddy driveway bellow as I, drudgingly walked up the back entrance to the Helidon police station. Childish? I am well aware of this in context to mentioned minor retaliation. Immediately upon entering the station I could tell that they

were bored shitless. I guess the mud on the carpet combo would give them something remotely constructive to do after they'd finished tearing my teddy bear body apart like two furious dogs fighting over a treat. I sat in the interrogation chair. The torment began.

The policeman said, "Angus! I have it up, we can start." I took another slow breath in as tedious examination questions floated out of their mouths like balls of fire.

"Where are you going? Why are you going to Brisbane, to do some, painting, perhaps?... A traineeship? What kind? Moving there, are you sure, you only have a backpack. When people move they have more than a backpack... Now where are the rest of your belongings? What have you been doing for the last year young lady?... Anything coming up Patrick?"

"Yer mate. It comes up here you've lived in a few shelters, eh, why is that so? Run away from home?"

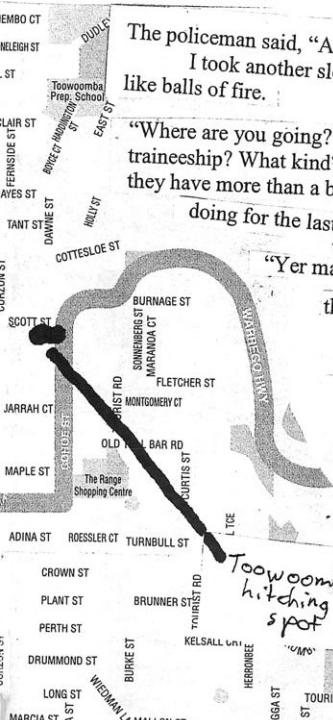
I didn't move, I didn't speak, I just stared at the wall.

"No response ay? Musta struck a nerve now have we. Were you abused by mummy and daddy?"

I didn't move, I didn't speak, I just stared at the wall.
"Not going to answer that either, awwwww. Your Next Of Kin

isn't blood related, is he your boyfriend?... Again, cat got your tongue? Well, we can't make any sense now if you don't talk".

The questions went on and on.



I fucking hate how two police officers with a simple click of a mouse can pull up my 'record' on a computer screen and 'inform' themselves of my existence and decide what 'kind of person' I must be and what 'kinda stuff' I must do. And then to pry into my private life like it's their fucking right makes me sick. Majority of the questions they asked were completely irrelevant to why they placed me in custody to start with. Given the amount of questions directed at my backpack it's a relief that legally they couldn't search my stuff without a female officer being present upon my request. The Helidon police station has no female employees. When I asked to go to the toilet they had to make arrangements to find the key to the ladies lavatory. After a few hours long drawn out 'negotiation', and I use that term very loosely, it was concluded that in two hours I would catch a \$30 Macaferties bus from Gatton to Brisbane via police escort. And I had to pay for it.



KING FEE	FUEL SURCHARGE	GST	TOTAL FARE (INCLUDING TAXES, FEES & SURCHARGES)
\$5.45	\$2.82		AUD \$31.00

ralia Pty Ltd, 595 Curtin Avenue East, Eagle Farm, QLD 4009.

COACH TRAVEL INCLUDED ON THIS TICKET

DEPARTURE POINT

GATTON

E>OPP CIVIC CTR W>CIVIC CENTER

13:35 (01:35 PM) 02 Jun 2008

ARRIVAL POINT

BRISBANE

ROMA ST TRANSIT CENTRE, LVL 3, ROMA ST

15:00 (03:00 PM) 02 Jun 2008

In the cop car to Gatton, and I kid you not, one officer said to the other in casual conversation after driving past a women walking on the footpath, "Yer, after 6 cans of rum any woman can look pretty." I was in rage, about to explode, erupt like a volcano as I glared into the back of his graying, balding fat head. The next two hours were spent sitting at the bus stop with two Gatton policeman sitting 3m from me eating hot chips and sniggering in my general direction. Foreseeing the possibility of impulsively reacting I removed myself from the bus shelter area and resided at a local pub. I sought salvage from the patrons that proudly proclaimed they received their pension payments that day. When I returned the police watched me board the bus, hand the driver my ticket and walk down the bus corridor to a seat. As the wheels rolled towards the highway I looked at them with hatred through the glass window covered in condensation. I was in custody for breaking the law under 'Begging Arms', an old, outdated Queensland statute. *Were it is illegal to ask anyone for anything in public.*



My ride dropped me off at 6:45pm. I knew noone in the city and had never been there before in my life. After chillin in the town park, bus depot, random street bench and then being chased from a Coles bin by a grumpy worker I went in search for a sleeping spot. I ended up crashing out in an industrial bin out the back a random business building.

The good shit about sleeping in bins;

- It rained. I didn't get wet. Nothin better when on the road with one pair of clothes

- You are not subject to harsh sunlight upon early morning. At night, street lights aren't an issue, but the benefit of them being present is a plus when opening the bin lid to chuck a piss

- Insulation. I just layed out my sleeping bag and slept on top of it, jacket as a pillow. Your body warmth works wonders in this kinda small space

- No one can see you. The chances of someone stumbling across you at 2am is pretty slim. Its just in the morning when employees start rocking up that you'll have an issue. I woke up at 9:30am next to an empty breaka drink container. It wasn't there when I drifted off to sleep...

The industrial bin is the ultimate mobile bedroom. Available in all townships and cities- any hour, any time of the day or night, rain hail or shine.



view from crane



RENT HOUSE

5th Sept



"Gutterslug" Presents:

Free Fold Out  Poster!
More  antics issue 

AN ABSENTEE
LANDOWNER --
NOTHING

AN ABSENTEE
LANDOWNER --

10

come see

be there or suck shit!

NO COPS
NO GUNZ
WHY EVER

NO RULE

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

11:45

"Sharn" the

dead squashed rat!!!
banksy

WILL
LEAVE
SB BBQ'S
9:30ish

Meet Tish Southbank
Tisland + BBSQ's
DUMPSIDE
+ BOOZE
Food! 4



BLF

ALLEGORY ANTONOGO

COS ALL BOOZE
SHOULD BE FREE!

An excerpt from my friend Tyron's
zine, Scull Vs Rock!
love or hate mail to
skullvsrocke@gmail.com







Swimming WITH in SYDNEY HARBOUR JELLYFISH

P1

A chilled afternoon spent sitting on top of a roof eating pizza with Katie near a Sydney beach led to an evening in the Newtown punk sharehouse where plenty of booze, pills and tunes from the guitar circulated. After everyone was sufficiently disorientated, we headed down to the cemetery park where many more like minded individuals could be found. To be truthful, my recollection of the following night is quite limited, hence, it will be a brief overview of what can be pieced together in my scattered state. I have been informed that six of us left the cemetery and proceeded towards the pub for more beverages. However, I failed in passing the bouncers magical bench mark of 'soberness' and was declined. On a quest for a pub that was understanding, nurturing and had an open minded approach to disorderly behaviour we found ourselves traipsing around the streets of Newtown. Being the kid excessively drinking instead of predominantly tripping, I was a prime target for the security. Being a bunch of feral looking, patched and dredged kids was defiantly no advantage on the booze quest. Much to my displeasure, throughout the night I was denied entry to five pubs. We even tried the age old classic of positioning me in the middle of the group while filing into the pub. I even had a guy holding my hand for the respectable façade of being the heterosexual monogamous couple 'who just wants a drink before going home to watch tv at midnight'. Despite the negative look on things we still trekked forward throughout Newtown till the early hours of the morning. Then we temporarily resided at Morgans house for a few hours as a half-hearted attempt to calm down.

At 7:30am it was declared time to start drinking again and we caught the peak-hour train into the city. We smelt, and looked like absolute crap amongst 'the good Samaritans of society' who were off to sell their labour for six hours. Dave was due for a Centrelink endorsed Personal Support Plan induction meeting at 9am. After going to the wrong social services building and pleading for the interview to be conducted their anyway, Dave returned an hour and a half later

to the Scruffy

Murphies pub where we had been getting a fix for the amber liquid. Fuck knows what he said in that interview, and to this day Dave still can't exactly recall what he communicated to the social worker in such a state influenced heavily by acid, pills and copious amounts of booze. One thing was certain; the goon sack was hanging slightly out of his bag. The Centrelink PSP program is one step away from the platinum gold achievement of Pension status;



D9

in my books anyone who scores the silver ticket of PSP should be commended for such an achievement. We suspect the only reason why I had finally been allowed to enter the pub on this occasion was due to the lack of security guard presence. A random middle aged man was accompanying us at the outside smokers table that was harshly exposed to the suns morning rays. The man was cleanly shaven, had combed back oiled hair, was wearing freshly pressed and ironed business attire and smelt strongly of expensive cologne. He informed us that he was having a quiet pint before making one of the most important business proposals of his life. The building where he was to present was around the corner and he'd just arrived in Sydney via an airplane flight. Being a little intoxicated, my guard was defiantly up talking to the dude, especially when he was asking rudely phrased questions about why Katie and I as women didn't shave under our arms. In response we were somewhat rather rude when answering the questions

P2

. When he excused himself briefly and went to the toilet, Morgan slipped an acid tab into the guys beer.



In the current state of mind

Morgan was in, it was believed that this unconsented experience could possibly be the best gift he could ever receive during his existence on earth. It would be truly life changing; broadening the horizons of the mind, opening a new way of thinking, developing a new and more clearer paradigm of the world he lived in. It was something special. The finest exchange of compassion Morgan could possibly give whilst in that paradigm. However, being the only kid not on acid, I had a moment of clarity where my mind was quite sure something wasn't right with the picture painted before me. Although as genuine a gesture of wanting to share the wonderful experience of acid with a stranger who was going down a rather different path in life, I felt it wasn't quite the right time and place to let the mind altering journey begin. So the beers were switched, and another tab was consumed within our small congress of roudey youth.

Due to continue the never ending adventure, we chipped in for another carton and began to prance around the city streets. None of us could recall this next bit until the disposable camera was developed a week later.

The

Co-ordination being extremely limited, whilst wandering the pavement many a beer was dropped and smashed, resulting in glass glistening in the pockets of sunlight that made it through the towering skyscrapers. Yes, a booze crime indeed, but when you are that fucked up and gone from reality nothing much seems to matter except maintaining control of ones bowels.

We then proceeded to acquire four pairs of sunglasses quite blatantly from a random store. We took our time trying them on for we carefully inspect@ in the mirror different visual angles and what was most suited for our respective faces. When selected we walked out of the store with them blatantly on our heads. The employees didn't say anything or chase us, and upon reflection, I suspect this was due to how scarey we must have appeared in the grand scheme of things. Our next stop was at a dock on Sydney harbour, relatively close to the Opera house ~~/fuck what you think~~



Seeking out likely candidates!

our new pals!

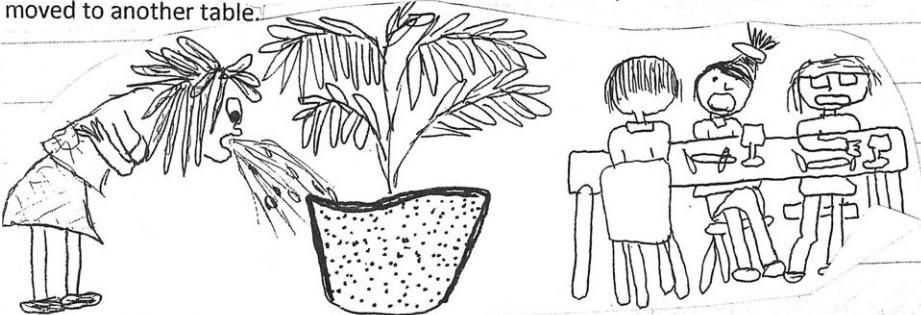
Shortly afterwards we stripped down to our underwear regardless of the shocked onlookers and one by one bomb dived into the filthy harbour water. Here is a photo of Morgan paddling around *. (photographic prestige was an immense challenge throughout the day).



P3 photographic evidence suggests we stole the pub glasses and promptly left before finishing the beer. We then proceeded to climb a monument in a cbd park. From what we could recall with the visual aid stimulating vague memories, we asked a business person to snap this priceless pic.

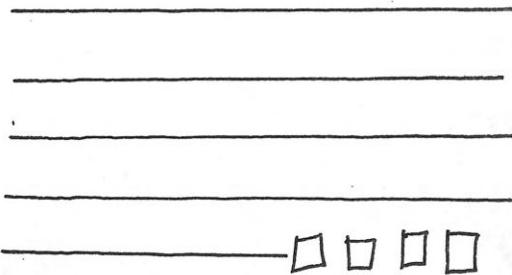
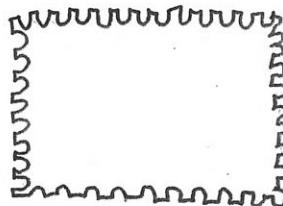
Meanwhile, Dave pointed at every cleanly shaven, snazzy hair and briefcase wearing soul that walked past and boisterously announced what he presumed their profession to be such as

a lawyer, ceo, secutary or property management agent. He got one right. A lady nodded when he shouted out accountant. Being four loud and obnoxious drunks with serious sleep deprivation and prior issues with obeying anything that resembles somewhat of a 'rule' or law' I have no doubt in my mind that we pissed a lot of people off before the city clock had even dinged 11am. At one stage I power vomited in a pot plant next to a fancy restaurant. The corporate lunch function nearby asked the waiter immediately with disgust if they could be moved to another table.



Dear,

PREMIUM
GUTTERSLUG
POSTCARD.



A splendid weekday in the Sydney harbour. Photography - Katie.

Featuring the one and only Morgan.

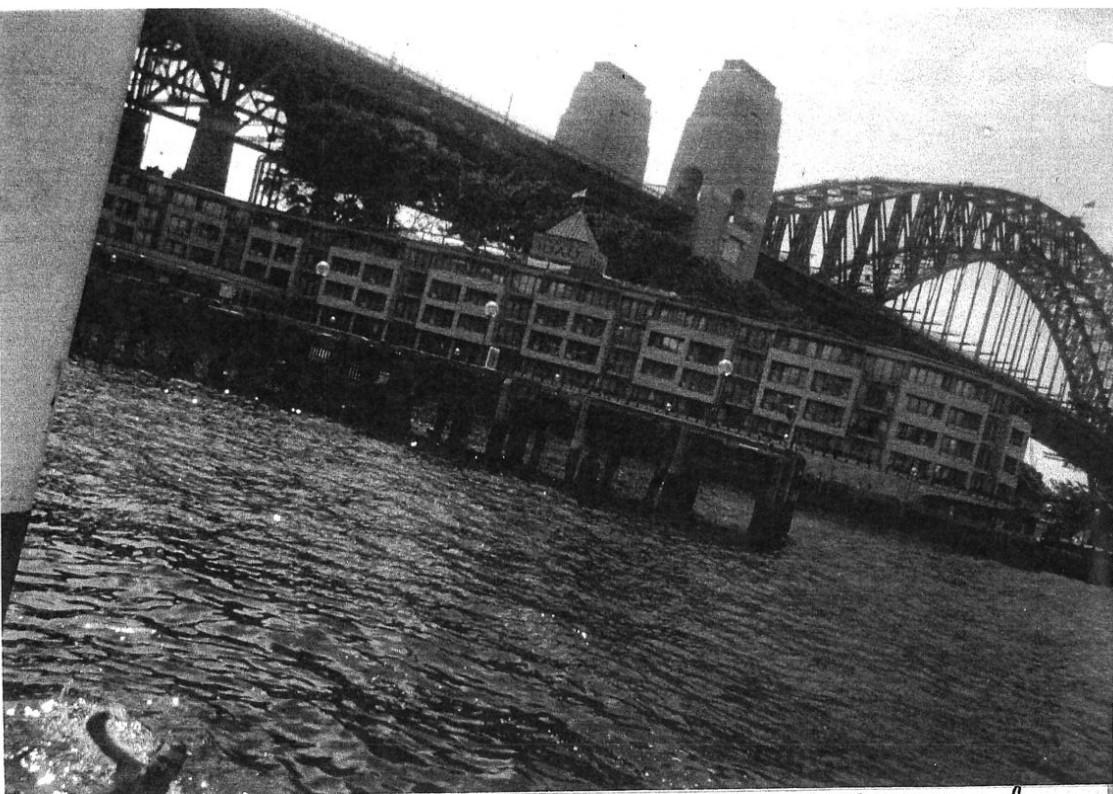


A combination of exhaustion and hot weather led to Dave and I passing out on the dock for an afternoon siesta. Katie later informed us that she watched a boat pull up anchor next to the dock and witnessed the passengers and crew proceed to spray water on us whilst they laughed at our situation evident from the nearby empty beer bottles and scattered personal belongings. When that failed to disturb Dave and I from our humble sleep, the crew then rolled us around the dock by kicking and nudging our stagnate bodies. Can't one peacefully nap in a sunny public place without being humiliated at the expense of ones disorientated state of affairs? In Katies defense she was to high to stand up and when asked by the crew if she could move her friends, Katie merely laughed at them.

P6

29





Morgan splashing around with the jelly fish.

The people fine dinning for lunch at the expensive dock side restaurants appeared to be disgusted at what Katie, Dave, Morgan and I decided to do for fun. It was a hot day. Why wouldn't one go for a

dip in the water? I'm constantly told that people

do not like Sydney and avoid it on their travels. Due to this general observation, I have transformed the humble photo that was once pinned to the

PS

Cunt Häus squat wall into a complimentary cut-out postcard. Long live more craziness and things to do for fun when stuck in Sydney. After paddling around for a bit in the far from crystal clear water, paranoia of being bitten by a shark or perhaps a 3 headed abstract creature (due to the oil and toxin content of the harbour)

fronted in my mind and I climbed up the slimy, fungusey, rusted ladder connected to the jetty. At one stage a furious looking man approached us and said we deserved a fine amounting to \$500 each for swimming in the harbour. After laughing amongst ourselves we told him what an absolutely ridiculous accusation that was and ignored his hands-on-hips presence.

see over page!

-Here is a photo of us asleep on the dock.



Upon awakening, in our own time, after the boat had left, we were due for the first feed of the day- dinner; and off we trotted to Chinatown for some serious table surfing in the infamous underground food court. When that was accomplished we began a new quest, to head to the top of a skyscraper to see Sydney from a 'new angle'; bright lights, all that junk and what not. The next recollection I have is piling into the elevator of a random building and Dave pressing a random floor button. This next part is quite extraordinary. When the lift doors eventually opened we walked down a long corridor that had navy carpet and heaps of mysterious doors leading to more rooms. At the end of the corridor, as if it were like willy wonkas chocolate factory door entrance, we struck the pirates jackpot. We had

P7

indeed stumbled across a fancy free booze business conference. Swanky ties, champagne glasses and correct posture hit my disalouslyned world like a wave at high tide taking out a preschoolers sandcastle.

Before

feelings of defenselessness and intimidation could settle in, I promptly grabbed a name tag from the induction table and walked towards the bar situated on the other side of the populated and over collenged room. As Dave, Katie and I eagerly started

hocking into the free champage by scull~~ed~~ the bubbly like it was going out of fashion we overlooked the city lights on the balcony. Feeling I should make the token attempt to express gratitude for such a marvelous find on a most eventful day I strolled up to a small group of smartly dressed people. I later discovered through diplomatic discussion they were executives of some random businesses in various industries related to transport and marketing. Upon entering the conversation, I was immediately pulled up for wearing 'Nitas' nametag that I had acquired from the induction table; I was then publicly denounced as not being Nita! A rather dull looking man standing in the circle vocally declared that his friend, the real Nita, was the Nita Nita at this conference. To which my reply was, with staunch posture, "There's more than one Nita in this world, ya know mate." At the time, I thought this was an adequate save of face.

A lady in the circle

wearing a pencil skirt with tightly pinned back hair and soft pink lipstick, changed the subject, task~~ed~~ what my profession was. To which I replied that I was an up and coming fashion designer inspired by the waste products of Western society. I felt my response went reasonably well as they enquired further about the philosophy and politics behind the niche market label I was fronting. With drunken caution, I attempted to talk about the over consumption of resources.

Given that quite a few of them sign the contracts to send the consumer goods on the road when the resources needed are already at the desired destination; and judging by their body language I knew I'd just burnt a bridge in the business industry. I said goodbye and briskly walked outside giggling, grabbing 3 red wines from the bar for Katie, Dave and I. Shortly afterwards a bar staff employee came out to the balcony and said last drinks, in which we replied, like a soprano school choir, "Could we please have beer?". That dude was a champion, he came back with beer. My memory had gone blurry upon leaving the building.

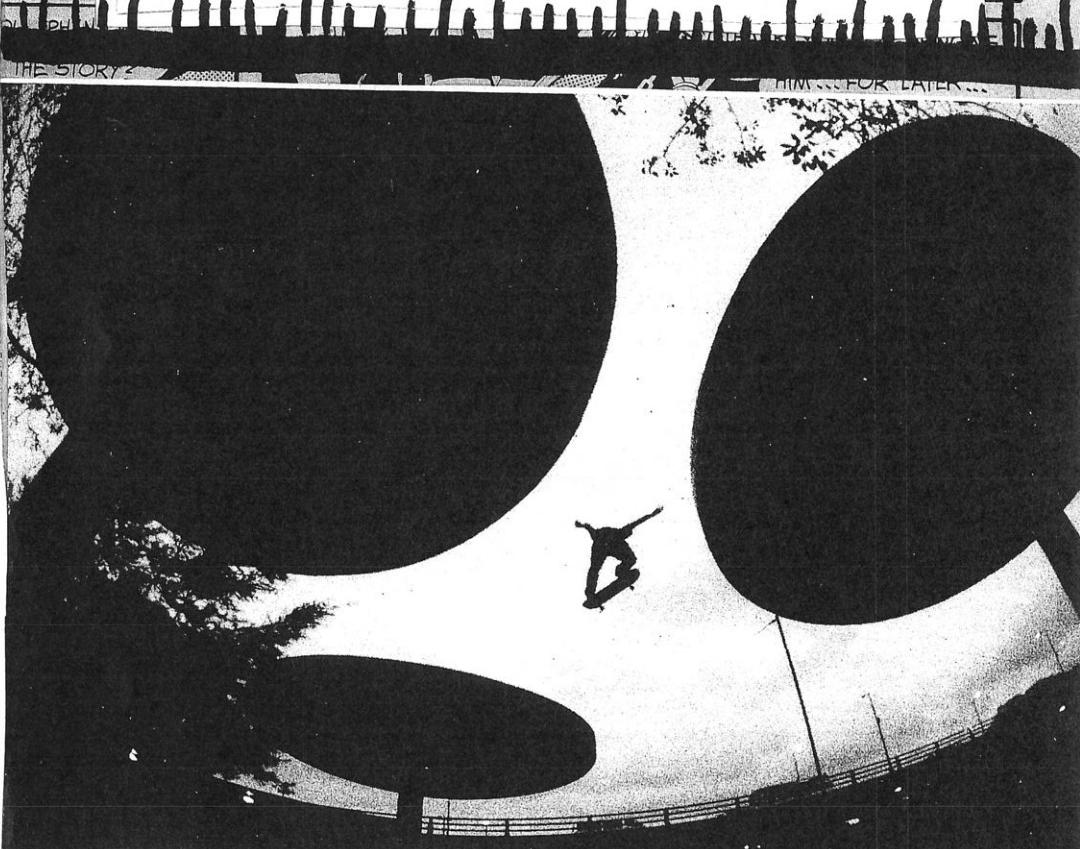
Romour has it that perhaps one of us pissed in the elevator on the way out. Is this true? No idea. I can't remember. The last thing I do remember however before falling into a deep sleep at the Everburning Light squat was being heavily assisted by Jason in making the basic staple, migoreng. Katie and Dave could be found into the early hours of the morning across the road at The Clarence. They where both upstairs

Pq

at a Gay only function asking every person profoundly at the bar if 'they pills, any pills...'

What can I say in Cunt Haus, Morgan and Daves defense?
Absolutely nothing. Let the good times roll.

It was quite extraordinary that none of us were arrested during that 24 hour period of pure craziness.



Thomas Campbell, "Adrian Lopez outside Hong Kong Airport," 1998
silver gelatin print.

Wear the Jersey Of Your Respective Park Bench

In my last issue the back page ended on the note, "once a shelter kid, always a shelter kid". We are shaped by our past experiences as a sentient species. It's not only our personal first hand moments in life that influence our cognitive behaviour and reactions; ancestry and stories from the lives of others all mix together powerfully within our minds to paint a paradigm of a delicate, ever changing painting. This painting, with every stroke of the brush is formed into a complex jigsaw puzzle that only the owner of the mind can carefully piece together with a patient hand holding tweezers.

Something so simple as sitting on a step at a train station and being exposed to a strangers violent behaviour can bring back the all to familiar goose bumps that used to cover my body on a daily basis. The trembling through my body hyper alerts my senses to the immediate surroundings around me. A vortex of trauma hovers as I carry about my daily happenings, ready to pounce and catch me off guard when certain triggers come across my path. Day by day, that vortex is shrinking, as I get stronger and stronger.

Fear. All sentient species can detect it. There used to be a dog called Nibber at the Haven shelter. When ever I cried under the blanket on my mattress or when I was upset in the back paddock he'd be there, curled up in my lap looking into my eyes and softly nudging my stomach in comfort. Nibber could sense how I was feeling. When bullies sense a feeling of power they zoom in on it and utilise that dynamic to the full extent they can. In the adult shelter, people would constantly come back in a state where they would attack anyone who looked remotely vulnerable. Sometimes I think of certain people living in that place as a vulture trapped behind walls; making them conveniently invisible from the general public. Their viciousness is a byproduct of the dissatisfaction within their state of mind. It could be described like they are prying on others around them on a never ending quest to seek out the fulfillments they want. Circling, hovering and soaring in for the catch. The main motivation behind such malicious behaviour is systematic to years of oppression, being stamped out, dismissed and not understood. The ~~eyes~~ eyes are transfixed and the neck erect on solving a lifetime of pain through a series of shallow attacks regurgitated from a cycle of abuse.

We are taught not to process our emotions, not to question and to ignore how we impact on others. Majority of the support services available to the shelters I've stayed in have been a band-aid fix. A replica of the competitive, isolating, disconnected and cut-throat society they encourage us to strive to belong in and maintain. ~~problems~~ problems such as not having a family, depending on street vans, being spat on and kicked when sleeping rough, smelling like piss for months, teeth rotting out, needing clean needles and being denied access to venues based on appearance CAN NOT BE SOLVED BY THE BRISBANE CITY COUNCIL OFFERING A TOKEN FUCKING FREE HAIRCUT ONCE A YEAR*. Nor does an employment agency finding you clothes for a job eradicate the challenges associated with years of being disconnected from any other community except the 40-something year old's who drink goon from plastic bottles in the park daily. A large part of identity is shaped by being part of a community. I've seen people be given keys to a room in a half-way house and become violent, frustrated and dangerous because they ~~are~~ Separated from the people they lived-hand-to-mouth with for a significant period of time in the park. Significant stress is placed on the individual, as peer pressure dynamics are ruthless on the street. It's like a tornado of guilt chasing your mind everywhere you go. Homelessness can rapidly tip you over the edge and plant the seed for self destruction. Among the many ingredients that are part of the 'homeless' concoction in shelter lifestyle; a search for identity, coupled with experience that can't be purchased leaves you with an ocean of lessons that will be learnt real fast and the hard way. It's a game on the street. Just a game without a referee or rules or spectators or glamorous sponsorship opportunities.

*This year it is on 4 Nov, Brisbane City Hall

WHOLEsome?

Why, that's our middle name!!! I scored an hour of sleep before the wretched heat cooked the three of us like pigs on a spit in a suburban backyard. We promptly migrated our sleeping arrangements, which consisted of two dodgy sleeping bags and a small blue plastic tarp (that we found next to a lighthouse), to a nearby park and set up for another kindy naptime.

which katie is still using on a daily basis & months later



SIDETRACK – CURRENTLY AS I AM writing THIS...

Katie and I are in a car hitchhiking from Hexam to Port Macquarie and the guy driving has been quiet for the past half hour. Like popping a balloon, Katie burst the bubble of silence by asking the sussing-you-out question; "So, what do you do with yourself?". After a slight pause, he started talking about how in the mid 70's he held up banks with guns and robbed supermarkets with two New Zealand brothers.

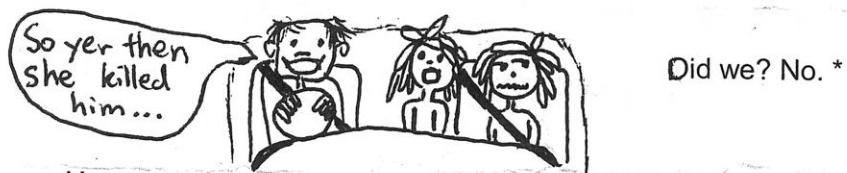


Instantly, this dude has my full attention as I write. Was he being serious? "It was a lot easier back then, ya know, a large amount of cash was at the front with the clerks, none of this double vault bull shit ya kids gotta deal with now...none of that chicken shit watching ya do ya business on camera". Immediately, the concept of modern day bushrangers operating within this capitalist shit hole of a system bounces into my brain as I eye the driver from the backseat. Unfortunately, it turns out the wife of one of the New Zealand guys squealed on the trio when the reward money summed a mighty amount. The three of them spent the next twelve years in jail "learnin some lessons mate...". Some might say this guy has got to be full of shit... However, the sum of the amount of people who have picked me up and are fucking rough as fucking guts is damn high. Most of the

rough kind have shared jail stories and plenty of tatts to show. It's not so much the words that hold weight in the honesty of what they declare as they spill their secrets. It's all in the body language. The stance. The facial expressions that could never be replicated by a phony. What sealed the deal of genuinity was what he said next. After another pause, without the aid of a car radio to soften the awkward, almost suffocating silence, we asked him, "So, where are you traveling from?"

"I was visiting my friend in jail, she's been in their fuckin long time. I've know her since we were kids." The guy then proceeded to go in depth about the 'offendent' and how after she had sex at 2am with her husband she stabbed him with a butchers knife. When he ran outside to the mailbox she dragged him back into the house and stabbed him, alive, 36 times before severing his head. The woman then skinned his entire body (later using the skin as a curtain) and sliced his back into 'steaks' which she cooked up and fed to his children.

* As I presume anyone would feel after hearing such an intense fifteen minute speech from a complete stranger, I was a little worried I was sitting within a meter of a complete phyco. Temporarily speechless? I think so. Contemplating bailing on the ride? I think so.



Her name was Catherine Knight. To see her the guy has to go to the highest security prison in Australia. Twenty minutes before he pulled over, the guy asked if he could take a photo of us... We said no. That was weird. Very weird.

Ah, the conversations you have when you play by chance ~~who'll~~ ^{who'll} you meet, on the side of the highway with your thumb out and backpack on.

BACK TO THE OTHER ARTICLE

Not being locals, we were awakened at midday by the horrifying sound of children squealing. On this abrupt rising under our shady tree we found ourselves surrounded by 'wholesome' family picnics occupying every few meters of the open park. The checkered blankets, whitebread sandwiches with strawberry jam, excessive Tupperware and plain broad brimmed hats purchased from either *Millers* or *Katies*

instilled a severe urge to cause a ruckus amongst the artificial insentient. Out came the oversized seedy sunglasses. Rolling of dumpers then came next. After a tobacco fix, the beloved goon sack of graciousness emerged from the dirt soiled backpack. Ah Ha! The vagrants had awoken!

Below: Good (Dosele) Citizens



After

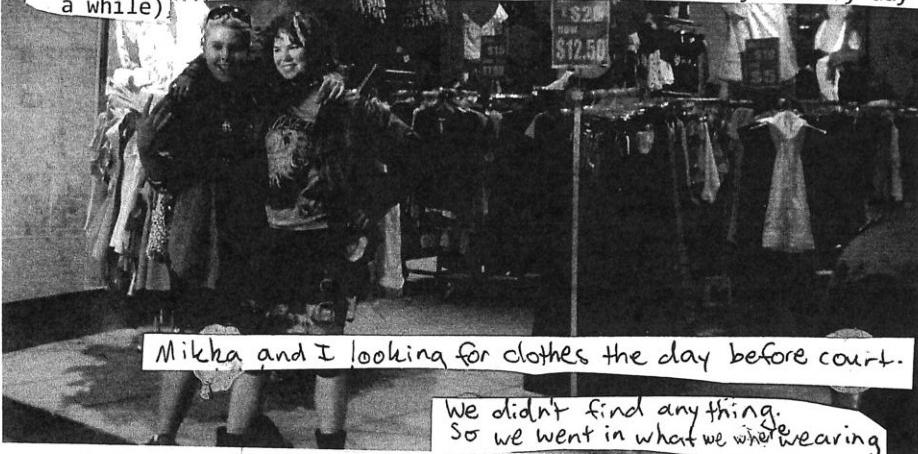
casual, slightly loud, vulgar conversation we proceeded upon strategic thought to blow the sack of goodness up into a shape that somewhat resembled, 'a ball'. Challenging as it was, Dave rose onto two feet; walked in the direction of the middle of the field, turned around and then kicked the 'goon ball' in our general direction. Accepting the opportunity to participate, Katie and I stood up and reciplicated the gesture. The vagrant, 'family fun' physical activity began. By this stage in our waking up process we had further alerted the attention of nearby 'wholesome families'. Regardless of being eyed off by disapproving adults and intrigued children we played on in true sportsmanship; head butting the shinny square ball to our hearts content. Throughout the game we eyed off any picnic left temporarily unattended due to the parental obligations of participation in the many family cricket setups. Scavenging through the park bins was on the cards of endless possibilities. Retired from the game, when the goal of ruckus was sufficiently achieved, we then packed up nap time and headed into town for some serious table surfing.

They have a special court room for scum at Roma St. They call it.

HOMELESS COURT

(party time, excellent)

In court. After the beeping ordeal which involved the challenge of metal objects permanently attached to our dreds, Mikka and I both wandered into the Judy Lawyer not having a clue about what we were doing (or meant to be doing). After chatting to the rad as legal aid people (I think we stunk out there little shoebox room cause we hadn't had a dirty laundry day in quite a while).



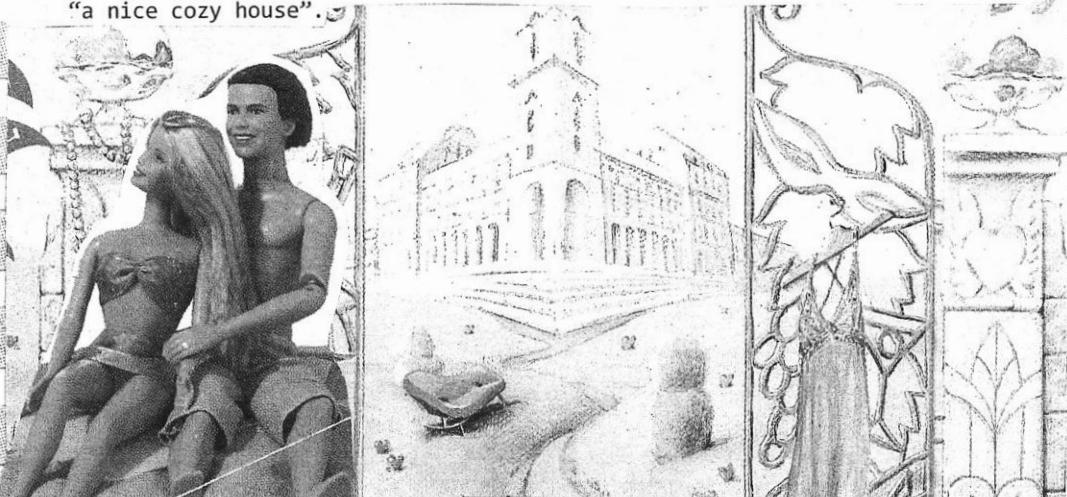
Mikka and I looking for clothes the day before court.

We didn't find anything.
So we went in what we were wearing

they asked me for a residential address and I bluntly said I didn't have one. Legal aid raised their eyebrows and I was ushered off to another section of the Roma street courts carefully tucked away in the corner. It was quite an entrance walking into not Court 1, or Court 2, or Court 3 but instead the court that had a sign above it reading "Homeless Persons Court" in front of over 30 people dressed in their ties and polished shoes.

It turns out the Queensland court system has a special place for deadshits like me; it's called "The Homeless Persons Court Diversion Program" *shudders*. After being questioned for over an hour by some straight laced person with a clipboard I was then referred to the "Drug and Alcohol Diversion Program". I get the impression they have to pinpoint something and then blow it out of proportion, blaming that as the reason why you must be, "homeless". Because it's never the state system that's failed, it's you - you failed. 'It' (as in the way the western world is operating at this point in time) is deemed by the elite as perfect, this intensely fucked up complex capitalist system has no room for faults. It was a classic case of you're wrong we're right. Again, I was reminded that whether we as 'citizens' like it or not, we have no choice in whether we want to be subject to a state we did not approve should initially have power over our autonomy.

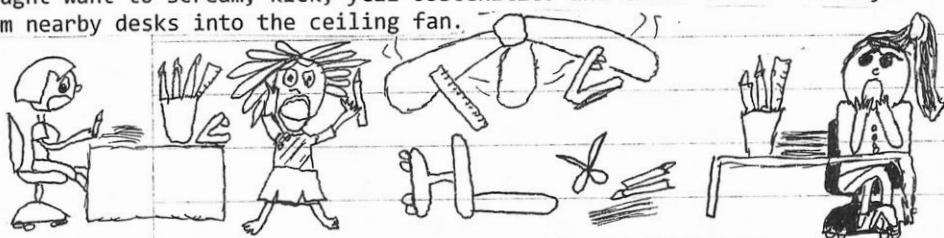
The court employee who interviewed me said it was sad the way I live my life. It's sad. She felt sad for me. I must be sad too, deep down, she stated. The woman then implied what was best for me. My future would involve owning some nice clothes, having a flourishing career, a husband (yes, specifically a financial religious contract with a male) and owning "a nice cozy house".



"You don't want to be like this, for the rest of your life." She adjusted her glasses and looked me up and down, "You should be out there." pointing to the window with blinds almost entirely drawn. "We're going to get you some help ok. We're going to help you."



To sit in a seat in a dark room with dull walls covered in token health posters issued by the Queensland government and listen to someone with varnished fingernails and a professional haircut tell you that your dreams, aspirations and motivation for getting out of bed in the morning weights to nothing; invalid of credit, is enough to make any person with independent thought want to scream, kick, yell obscenities and throw the stationary from nearby desks into the ceiling fan.



The web of bullshit lies,

prefabricated ideals of success and the deliberate structure of 'state' to encourage apathy and dosilence is it at one of its prime in a court situation. It's not in your best interests to be reactionary. You have to play the game- with each role of the dice the right move must be made. You can only deal cards on the table that will make you less vulnerable.

A rather nervous looking woman dressed in corporate attire came into the room and started dialing numbers on the telephone. Slightly confused, due to lack of dialogue I asked, "What are you doing?"

"We're getting you a place to sleep." she pressed a few more numbers.

"I've been in shelters before and they are horrible places. I'm never going in one again."

Frustrated, she said after a pause, "But you have to, don't you want things to be better."

Not ready to compromise in the slightest, "I'd rather eat shit and die than go back into a death trap, a shelter. Have you ever lived in one before?"

The woman hung up the phone.

"Can I please have a copy of the numbers, and on the off chance I change my mind I can call them myself?"

"Umm no one has ever asked us for this document. I guess you can."

I stood at the front magistrate bench thing, waiting patiently for my 'record' to be stamped by someone who will never truly understand the circumstances which the 'incident' is part of. After the Legal Aid representative spoke, the magistrate adjourned me to return on the 28th of August for 'special circumstances' after I had attended another compulsory service linked in with the Homeless Court. The process drags on.

Particulars of Defendant and Conditions of Bail

Defendant: EMILY [REDACTED]
Date of Birth: 30/08/1989
Residential Address: NO FIXED PLACE OF ABOODE
BRISBANE CITY QLD 4000
Occupation: UNKNOWN
Offence(s):

File No.	Chg No.	Section	Act/Legislation	Offence	Date of Offenc
IAG-00139909/08(9)	1	469(9)(1)	CRIMINAL CODE	WILFUL DAMAGE BY GRAFFITI	ON 20/0

A week later I wandered into the community health building and into the drug and alcohol dependency foyer and handed over the crumpled piece of paper the court gave me explaining why I was 'getting help'. A few other people were down and out in the room, all with worn out green bags containing their socks and underwear. The atmosphere was pretty gloomy (despite the receptionists cheerful tone) which doesn't surprise in the slightest when surrounded by grey seats and health campaign posters. When the lady directed me into a soundproof interview room I sat down at the table and the process began. After asking me a few questions about my childhood, and the consistency of my alcohol consumption she then appearing a little surprised, asked why exactly I was 'seeking help'. I told her about the Homeless Court situation with compulsory counseling. And being the nature of the word 'compulsory' I wasn't exactly there with 100% my own initiative. We then talked about random shit. The social worker then wrapped up the session and gave me a pamphlet on the effects of drinking as she faxed through confirmation that I attended the appointment.

It's the 28th of August. Due in court at 8am. Woke up at 11am. Katie, Shea

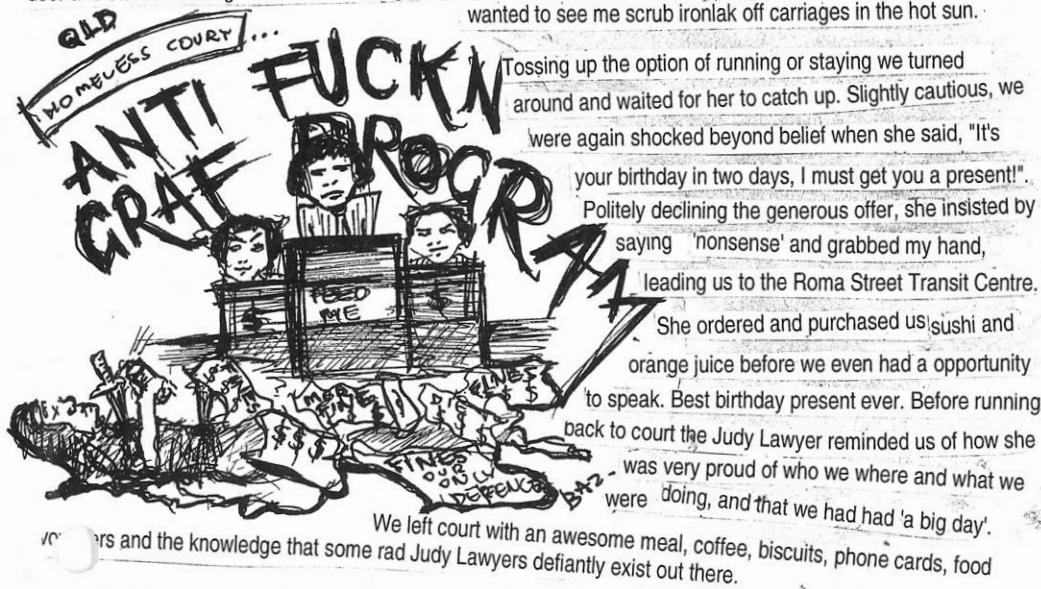
Homeless Court was finally adjourned and the first man slowly walked up to the stand representing himself. He was wearing a classic blue stripy pajama set, white gloves and Velcro sandals. The judge tried to engage him, but the man stood there for a few minutes not responding just merely glancing at the walls either side of him. Without warning he promptly did an about turn and bolted out of the court room; out of court completely, and started running down the street. From what I can gather, he ran towards the Roma Street Transit Centre and a court employee couldn't catch him in time. * As a side note, Katie saw the dude in Woolworths shopping for groceries quite competently last week* The next two people before me were being trialed for prostitution as sole street traders on Brunswick Street (they were busted by an under cover)



When it was my turn, the magistrate launched into a speech about anti-graffiti programs. Those three words are scary. Anti Graffiti Program. They are enough to make any can shaking enthusiast crawl into a fetal position. The DL spoke in my defense and this led to the magistrate looking through my zine. After browsing the judge changed the subject completely and asked the court personnel if it was possible to get me a go-card for public transport. Then I was issued an absolute dismissal. After court adjourned I gave my Duty Lawyer a massive hug. It was then, when I saw the JL staring at the strap on the bag I had

borrowed I remembered it had a nossie superglued just near chest height. Katie and I promptly said goodbye and walked outside. Before we could cross the street the DL yelled out our names from the court front door and started running towards us. I thought we were done for. They must have changed their minds and

wanted to see me scrub ironlak off carriages in the hot sun.



Tossing up the option of running or staying we turned around and waited for her to catch up. Slightly cautious, we were again shocked beyond belief when she said, "It's

your birthday in two days, I must get you a present!"

POLITELY DECLINING THE GENEROUS OFFER, SHE INSISTED BY SAYING 'NONSENSE' AND GRABBED MY HAND, LEADING US TO THE ROMA STREET TRANSIT CENTRE.

She ordered and purchased us sushi and orange juice before we even had a opportunity to speak. Best birthday present ever. Before running back to court the Judy Lawyer reminded us of how she

was very proud of who we where and what we were doing, and that we had had 'a big day'.

We left court with an awesome meal, coffee, biscuits, phone cards, food and the knowledge that some rad Judy Lawyers defiantly exist out there.

public transport we finally made it to the Judy Lawyer waiting area of court and promptly pulled out a jar of peanut butter and began smear it onto a few pieces of bread. Breakfast in court- heck yes. After a few I wandered over to the Homeless section and the woman in the diversion room remembered my name and as she put my folder on the pile and said, "Emily, you came today".

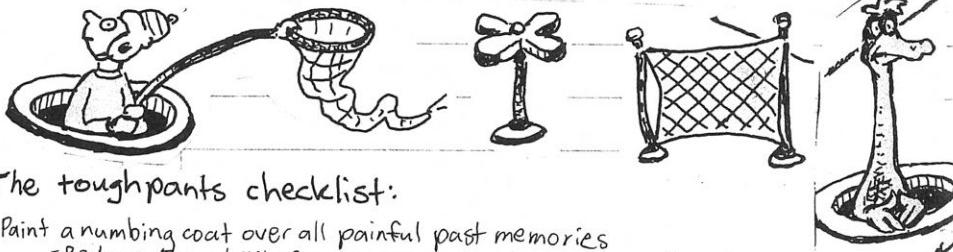


An hour and a half later we were in the Judy Lawyers interview room. She commented on my dreds and it lead to a discussion on the rainforest in Tassie and how we'd spent the year hitchhiking around Australia. The lady seemed a little taken back at first. I think it was because we were confidently and fluently articulating why we were living the lifestyle we were. By textbook, we fit snuggly in the scum of society category. As usual (cause its Homeless court) questions rose about my childhood. After the nitty gritty of reciting a bit of my past the Judy Lawyer then told Katie and I that "we were awesome". We looked at each other for confirmation that we both must have heard her incorrectly. Surely. But no. She actually said that. I wanted to cry. My mother has never said those words to me ever in my entire life. And yet for a Judy Lawyer in the Roma Street Court to say them

when I was 'in trouble' made me feel slightly confused; like we were the brunt of some harsh corporate global joke or something. After talking some more about shelter life and what we wanted to do in the future I gave her a copy of my zine to read. The JL then became even more excited, called it a 'wonderful publication' and asked us to accompany her for coffee in the salvation army staff room section of the court. By this stage we were convinced we must have recently smoked a hearty dose of Ajax by accident. Due to the screening process for homeless court, we came thinking we would be told that we were dero losers who should get a job and aim for a mortgage. After being escorted to the room she gave us coffee and a massive handful of biscuits. The JL then hurriedly made a few quick phone calls. Then all of a sudden she presented us each with a food voucher and a pay phone money card. Err what the fuck, how much 'good stuff' could we have possibly smoked without being aware? We were devo to the core over such a series of events. Court was supposed to be a scary place were you are meant to feel remorseful for being caught breaking the law, not be given heaps of free stuff and told that "they love your work".



We pulled up in the bubble car outside the address scribbled on the crumpled piece of paper. Audrey, a girl who I was doing a traineeship program with grabbed my backpack out of the boot. "If anything happens, just call me, ok," she said as I drudgingly started to walk up the steps. As I took each step closer to the door my mind was going through the 'tough pants' checklist;



The tough pants checklist:

- * Paint a numbing coat over all painful past memories
 - Reduce the ability for someone to pinpoint a soft spot
- * Make a mental note of what possessions I have that are of value
 - only pull MP3 player out when I am in my room alone
 - ensure spraypaint and stencils are concealed at all times
- * Think of the clientele for particular shelter and the dynamic I should expect
 - Everyone will be a young person under the age of 19
 - A few will be racist, sexist and homophobic
 - Some will be violent, frustrated and aggressive towards me for those reasons
 - speak with confidence, look people in the eye, don't act timid
 - watch my back, watch every other residents behaviour
 - get ready to defend myself verbally and physically at any moment
- * Turn bullshit radar on, get my guard up, be alert and assertive
- * I cannot for a split second take my 'tough pants' off

I knocked on the door and was ushered into the office. I filled out the forms and provided what I.D I had. The worker then showed me around the shelter, she left me in the room I would be living in at the beginning of the corridor. The space had a single bed, sagged mattress, window with broken fly screen, cupboard that wouldn't shut and a school chair.

As a side note: I don't care too much for comfort, and I've been squatting for the last three years with friends. However in the context of young people being taken from their homes and placed in these 'support' accommodation services it's a whole different ball game than politically living in dwellings. There is a definite distinction.

I walked out to the kitchen and on the fridge door there was a sign saying "If the dishes are not done every night, there will be no ice-cream or cordial for residents". Yep, that's independence for ya in a youth shelter. Get treated like an eight year old and be disciplined by the workers, child services and the state. After all, they're your new mummy and daddy. If you obey, you can have longer curfew hours, special privileges and you'll generally be protected by the workers. After the discovery of the sign, I enquired about curfews; tues-fri back by 8pm, sat 10pm, sun 9pm and monday 7pm. Two overnight stays somewhere else a week was permitted (so long as it was not Monday night) and an absence form had to be submitted. Within half an hour of returning to the shelter before curfew a fight broke out in the street and this kid was bashing the shit out of another boy lying on the ground, not moving. Two kids who had been shelter residents for 6months ran down and dragged the boy on the ground up the steps to the shelter. His entire face and arms were covered in blood. A trail of blood could be seen from where he was dragged up the chipped white wooden steps. The worker rang the ambulance as a girl delicately wiped a little bit of the blood away. He would cry, go in shock, cry and go in shock again. Turns out the kid that bashed the boy was living in my bedroom a day before I moved in.

You'll look up and down streets. Look 'em over with care.
About some you will say, "I don't choose to go there."
With your head full of brains and your shoes full of feet,
you're too smart to go down any not-so-good street.



After a spot of scampering at the servo in the mid afternoon, I found a truckie prepared to give me a lift on the M1. He used to be a loan shark in Sydney. When he was 15 the gang he was with would steal Ferraris and kero burn the cars in football fields for fun after taking it for a spin around the neighborhood. During his teenage years, he was shot five times doing odd 'jobs' (he showed me the bullet scars). On impulse, he stole a convertible from a servo once and was chased by an entourage of cop cars through the outer suburbs of Sydney. ~~M~~ managed to make a close shave escape by driving the convertible into a random residential home garage. He got out, pressed the 'shut and lock' roller door button and walked down the footpath casually with sunglasses on as the trail of cop cars drove past the door rolling down the last few inches. Smooth. A few years later, ~~M~~ went to jail for attempted murder of a police officer. The six hour conversation we had in the truck was one of the most interesting hitches I've had. From meeting Ivan Malat, who he deemed as an 'arrogant cunt' through to how to make jail brew- this truckies been my favourite jail bird I've met on the highway so far. And given the statistic, 68% of the Australian transport industry has been in jail at some stage, I've come across quite a few of the lock up kats.

How to Make: JAIL (home) BREW

000

1. Get a garbage bin; the bigger, the more booze to go around!
2. Round up the yeast zar! In the lockup, anything with sugar is adequate; apples, dregs of a cup of tea, vegemite... In Australian jails they no longer serve bread with yeast in it. On the general populous of inmates, this is sheer tragedy. Must all attempts of sanity be destroyed behind bars? It takes 2 weeks allowance to get a few smokes and a couple of matches.
3. Fill the bin up with water (or juice).
4. Put a lid on the bin and try hide it. As one can imagine, this would prove difficult when serving a sentence behind bars; a collective effort from inmates is necessary. For a as-close-as-ya-gonna-get experience, ask your haus or mates if they'll play a game of hot/cold for the bin.
5. Twiddle your thumbs for a few months. For authenticity, remain in the same 3m, allowing a 30min break daily to do chores such as visiting centreflink.
6. Drink and be merry! Word in the truck was two cups and ya fucked!





Mail Profile Friends Music Video More

Mail Center
Read Mail**Bright Idea:** [Check out cool MySpace Groups.

Compose

box
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ent Invites

From:**Jacob Flash****Block User****Delete From Fri**

myspace.com/jal

Date: 13 Oct 2008, 09:02 PM**Flag as Spam or Rep****Subject:** RE: Flea Wash for the Filthy Humans**Body:** *Emily try something along the lines of showering regularly & while your in the shower you should wash your hair with a product called shampoo.*

----- Bulletin Message -----

From: **Street Urchin**

Date: 13 Oct 2008, 03:25 PM

favourite
response
recieved

Sitting on the back porch with Katie and Mikka, phonebook in lap, mobile hand:

A- Hello, Windsor pet supplies and veterinary
Me- Hey, do you guys sell flea wash?
A- Yes
Me- Errr, whats your cheapest price?
A- We have \$10 in the shampoo form. Would you prefer the neck injecti
Me- Is that stuff stronger?
A- Yes.
Me- Rad. How much is the neck flea thing?
A- Depends, how big is the dog?
Me- 55 kg
A- Hmm, errr... *pause*
Me- I have headlice real bad, so its for me...
A- *pause* these products arn't designed for human skin
me- But I've had them real bad for ages. I need something super stron
A- *laughing in background* maybe you should dy your hair or someth
hangs up phone

-hangs head in shamefull defeat-

If anyone knows a way to get rid of them please let me know. I've trye
Metho, TeaTree, Spraypainting my dreds, Kero and a billion headlice
products you can get at the chemist every five days and the lice are st
my dreds ahhh.

Talisman Sabre US/Australian wargames. Shoalwater Bay Training Area. July 6-26 2009

The killing must end.

US-Australian war games have a hidden cost. Young women and men pay with their bodies and minds for the 'rest and recreation' of military personnel. Services for rape counselling and trauma repair also pay a price. These costs are not acknowledged and the media rarely mention them for fear of being branded 'anti-American'.

Economic

Australia's current military spending of \$55 million a day steals the resources which should be funding human and social needs.

Military expenditure reduces public and private investment, diverts funds and personnel from civilian research and development, increases the current account deficit, and tends to distort and hold back economic development.

It has been estimated by State governments that an extra \$700 million (less than two weeks military spending) spent on public hospitals each year would overcome their critical problems.

Similarly a percentage of current military spending should go to upgrading public schools, reducing the cost of university education, supporting childcare, developing Medicare, assisting the needy in our community and maximising employment opportunities.

Military spending creates far fewer jobs than spending the same dollars on civilian projects and businesses. German studies showed that one billion marks transferred from the military budget to civilian programs created at least 800 and in some sectors up to several thousand more jobs than would be lost in the military sector.

Resources committed to the military mean less money for developing strong social cohesion and stability within the nation through employment programs and meeting the health, education and housing needs of Australians and our neighbours.

The World Bank has reported that 'evidence increasingly points to high military spending as contributing to fiscal and debt crises, complicating stabilisation and adjustment, and negatively affecting economic growth and development.'

A new US base will not provide jobs but it will provide rich pickings for a US corporate thug. There are no longer any quartermasters in the US military. Provisioning the US military is now done by Halliburton, US Vice President Dick Cheney's corporation, which has been indicted for malpractice and over charging.

The US Department of Defence bases and facilities have left a toxic legacy worldwide. Project Censored estimates that 'the US military generates 750,000 tons of toxic waste material annually, more than the five largest chemical companies in the US combined.' This pollution occurs globally as the US maintains bases in dozens of countries.' Since 9/11 when the US stepped up the so-called 'War on Terror', the US military has sought to exempt itself from ALL US Environmental Laws. This complete disregard for environmental stewardship does not offer Australians any peace of mind in inviting the US military into our country and our sensitive natural environment.

Australia – the new US bombing range

With 14,000 US military personal participants, and similar numbers of Australian troops, Talisman Sabre 2007 is the largest joint military exercise between the US and Australia to-date. Military exercises will involve firing live ammunition and explosives from both land bases and aircraft, sinking of decommissioned vessels at sea, the use of high power sonar and active sonobuoys, amphibious assaults, parachuting and land force manoeuvres. The outcome of such activities includes very significant potential physical and chemical environmental impacts.

Operation Talisman Sabre will utilise areas of high environmental significance, some of which are world heritage areas (WHA), nature heritage listed sites which include indigenous sites and Ramsar wetlands. These areas are habitat to many migratory birds and threatened species such as dugongs and humpback whales. Environmental impacts identified by the Department of Defence (DoD) include effects on air quality, potential harm to marine animals, fire potential, noise pollution, waste disposal and spills and erosion from amphibian craft landings and weapon target zones.

The DoD, through their environmental auditors, Maunell Aecom, has failed to acknowledge the potential environmental impacts resulting from the use of toxic chemicals including red phosphorus (sea mines), white phosphorus (land based activities) and perchlorate. Nor has the DoD included the presence of nuclear power warships within the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park (GBRMP) as an environmental risk.



Public Press Statement for the
Granya and Jaegerstaetter's upon entering
the Shoalwater Bay training area

Seven anti-war activists entered the Shoalwater Bay military training area in central Queensland during joint US-Australian Talisman Sabre exercises. The seven remain in the area and are presently moving towards the 'live fire' areas with the intention of shutting down the exercises. They remain undetected by Australian Defence Force Security and the Qld Police guarding the area.

Cowley Beach, Qld

Shoalwater Bay is home to the largest dugong population in the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park World Heritage Area. This sanctuary is declared as a category 'A' and it is considered crucial to the stabilisation and recovery of local dugong numbers. The region also supports nesting sites for green turtles, critical feeding areas for turtles and dugongs and is also home to 26 species of dolphins and whales including humpbacks. Other areas of environmental significance in the region are national heritage listed sites including both indigenous and colonial heritage wetlands of international importance and habitat for endangered and threatened species land and water; Shoalwater Bay also represents the largest wilderness area on the central Queensland coast and contains pristine water bodies, which are uncommon on a national scale.



The activists are:
Yulangi Bardon, 21
Jake Bolton, 27
Jim Dowling, 53
Bryan Law, 55
Emily Nielson, 19
Culley Palmer, 21
Mark Palmer, 51

The group stated:

"US and Australian militaries, training at Talisman Sabre are presently involved in waging an escalated war in northern Pakistan and southern Afghanistan. Most of the victims in this eight year war have been civilians yet the concept of civilians and civilian loss seems to have been completely lost on the military. There aren't any civilians permitted in the exercises. Civilians are eliminated here as they are eliminated in war.

"As civilians we enter this area in solidarity with all the civilian victims of the US and Australian military. We enter the exercise area with the intention of shutting down the exercises.

"We come from varied backgrounds: Christian and Humanist traditions. We come in common purpose to nonviolently resist these rehearsals for war and the escalating war on the peoples of Pakistan and Afghanistan.

"It is universally acknowledged that lies told by the Australian Parliament and the US government regarding "Weapons of Mass Destruction" [WMD] in Iraq led us to an illegal invasion and disastrous war in that country. Prime Minister Rudd's recent assertion that Australian troops waging war in Afghanistan decreases the possibility of terrorism at home is also a lie leading us all to further disaster, death and destruction.

"We call upon all sectors of civil society in Australia to take action against such rehearsals for invasion and war as Talisman Sabre. We call upon all sectors of civil society to take action against the escalating war on the peoples of Afghanistan and Pakistan.

"We call upon Air Commodore Meier to make good on his word to the Australian Senate "that if unauthorised personnel are known to be on or near the live fire area, we stop the clock on the exercises until they are found." [June 4th 09] Despite our attempts to communicate, Thursday's statement by Brigadier Bob Brown, contrary to this position, exhibits a negligence in relation to human safety that echoes the Australian and US military behaviour in Afghanistan.

Martin Luther King House of Nonviolence, Yeppoon:-

Related Link: <http://talismansabre.wordpress.com/>



Jaegerstetter 3
affinity group



Grana 4
affinity group

Homes not Bombs

my press statement ↴

I am strongly opposed to the US/Australian Talisman Sabre "war games" currently taking place in the Shoalwater Bay military area. In comparison to the \$25 billion per year assigned to the Australian military, a piddly \$3 million per year is designated in the budget for assisting the homeless and vulnerable in emergency accommodation and other vital humanitarian services. Before the economic crisis, during 2001 and 2006 the number of homeless families increased by 17% and in people aged over 55 homelessness increased by 30%*. This disparity will increase with the recent economic downturn.



I am appalled at the military expenditure in Rudd's election promise package, 'A Place To Call Home' His party vowed to place affordable housing, access to food sources and community support services at the frontier of Labor being voted into power. Yet with the present designated funding, only 1/5 of homeless people will be housed on the current waiting list**. The government's priorities are exposed by this disparity.

Now at the age of 19, having been homeless for almost half a decade I am disgusted that fundamental community resources such as education, health care and welfare have been compromised while the ruling elites drain the public purse in supporting aggressive US foreign

policy. I am extremely concerned by the millions of refugees made homeless by these horrific wars.

I am outraged at Australia's military involvement in Iraq, Afghanistan and (through the Pacific Command) in Guam and Hawaii. Through invading these lands, the peoples of the occupied territories have limited control over their resources, dramatically impacting on their ability to strengthen social cohesion and build upon their historical and present heritage. This demonstrates that not only does the Australian government fail to adequately assist its citizens who are in need of basic resources to survive, it contributes to disempowering and destroying the social fabric of peoples globally.

For these reasons, I have decided to enter the live firing area in the Shoalwater Bay military base with the intention of halting current war game proceedings.

Emily Nielsen

**"Counting the Homeless" report, Australian institute of health and welfare.
** -the Australian Greens Party. www.greens.org.au

Yulangi Bardon's Statement

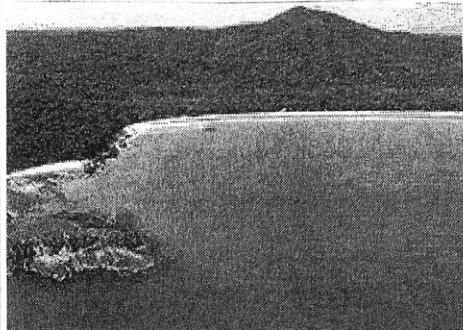
Having been manager for 3.5 years at a vegan restaurant in West End and having also had enjoyable employment in the planting of Australian natives, I have grave concerns regarding the environmental impacts of Talisman Sabre and its effects on native flora and fauna.

As an evicted squatter, and therefore theoretically homeless, I object to the gross over-expenditure of \$71M per day on the Australian military, particularly in consideration of the 'new face of homelessness' and the economic downturn.

I also object to any form of Australian support of the world's most corrupt military and the current U.S. mobilization of troops into an undeclared war on Pakistan.

I stand in solidarity with the Darumbal who have been denied access to a significant portion of their country, and am hesitant for Australia to provide further links in the chain to the Pacific, where U.S. militarism has displaced entire countries of indigenous inhabitants and poisoned their lands beyond repair.

I want to see troops withdrawn from the illegal wars in Iraq, Afghanistan and most recently, Pakistan. At the very least, Australia must withdraw its support of the perpetrators of international terrorism in the United States government.



Tulanji and I remained on the military base for 11 ys hiking and camping in various areas before turning selves in at the end of the wargames. We were the last two visitors to leave the base. In issue 3 of "Gutterslug" I will be a feature article on the action and more indepth analysis of whats so horrible and disturbing about Talisman Sabre and the US/Australian military alliance.



The beauty of being a woman

And you're on your way to great, glowing skin. It's so logical.

RABY BAY
SUPER

A sneak preview of Issue 3
"Gutterslug..."

smelt like melted candle wax and my senses were in full alert to the noises coming from the outside surroundings. Putting the candle out, I layed down on the mattress and curled up in the blankets.

The room

HAAGEN

THE
CUNT
HAUS
:Diaries



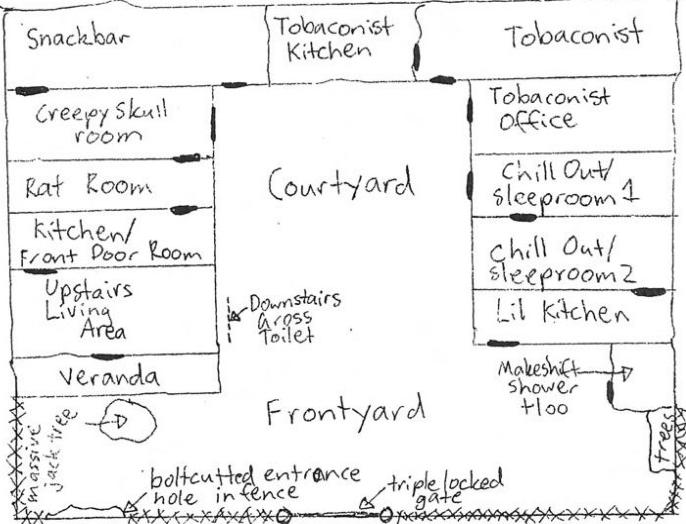
GET YOUR
CUNT
HOUSE
SNACKS,
HERE!

Making shirts out of pillowslips, washing undies and socks in a bowl in the midday sun in the weed ridden courtyard...

OPEN

Stanley St Footpath (Subject to seasonal
abbra sport hoons)

• hairdressers • Neighbours • security company



• Neighbours • locksmiths • locksmiths

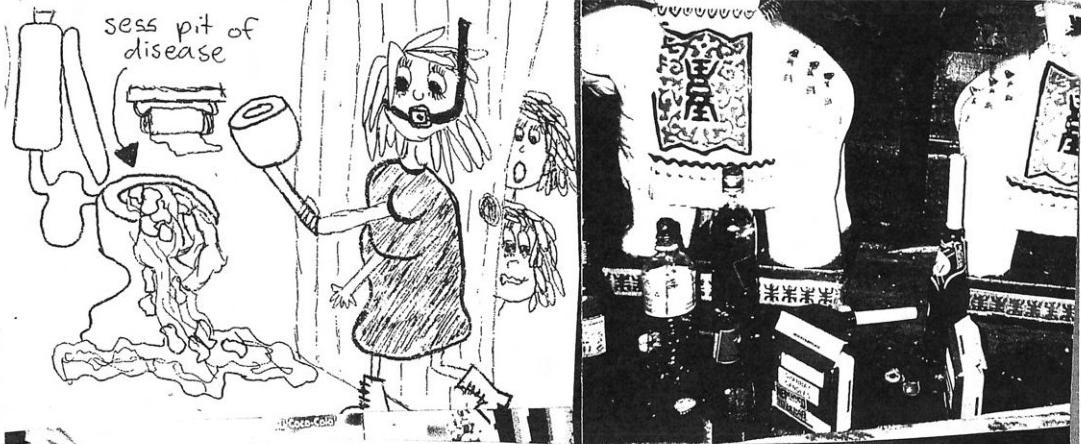
Mater Hospital Carpark (has powerpoint)
5 stories high

Candlelight on a Sunday night. Sitting around in our mattress room drinking home brew and gently stirring a tin of house paint with a butter knife. We're listening to a Shoot Down The Angels EP.

An account of 'Dirty Laundry Night' with Cunt House

After drinking stolen spirits in a dingy alleyway littered with shattered glass and poor quality street art in the CBD we proceeded on the windy winter night to the only Laundromat we knew of in Brisbane along the main street of West End.

Here each of us tossed our small plastic shopping bag full of bras, underwear and socks into the shiny metal machine. We stunk. Correction, we still stink (present tense). Given that self assessment, I then took off the only outfit I own and threw it in the machine. The rest of Cunt House also conducted this action. This personally left myself in nothing but my jacket that stinks of Saturday nights dumpster experience and a crappy skirt. We then continued the rowdy drinking frenzy in true style partially naked until the owner asked us to leave with the excuse of power expenses doubling after 9pm. The Indian Kitchen for dinner was our next place of inappropriate conduct were we stood in line for fifteen minutes freezing (due to lack of clothing) for the never fail love of warm vegie somosa. Mikka then table surfed almost a complete meal and tried to walk out cutlery, plate and food in hand down Vulture street only to be chased by a concerned chef who guided her back to a table outside. I get the impression from my hazy memory that we had mixed reactions from the diners in the restaurant given that without a top under my dodgy jacket and in the state of not being soberly co-ordinated occasionally my boobs might have been slightly visible. We are not 'ladies' and hence, vulgar conversation took place at a high decible. Mikka had food all over her face, even though she had a one up with a fork being in her hand. After a chaotic departure from the Indian Kitchen we eventually resided with a black garbage bag of our combined collection of garments we'd dragged up the footpath to the Hardgrave Rd Laundromat. Here we scrapped coins together and slotted them into the pain chipped dryer positioned at a slant on the wall. Random dancing and exploring of houses nearby took place. Our friends Ben and Nik by this stage were sitting on chairs in the far corner as we spun around on the floor tiles near the washing machines waiting for our warm socks to be ready. At last, the task we set out to do was accomplished; and there we were, Cunt Haus, Ben and Nik at the Hardgrave Rd Laundromat at 10:30pm on a Monday night.



This morning I stumbled hungover out of the squat door that's forever leaning on a slant and won't shut properly to be startled not only by the bright midday sun, but also a white plastic shopping bag tied up with a knot at the top. I asked fellow cunt house, "Whats that?". To which the reply was, "Oh that, DONT TOUCH THAT!". Then I asked, thinking it could perhaps be a surprise gift to add to our new home, "Oh ok, why?". Hurriedly Katie replied, "Cause its my shit.". Then I said scratching my head(headlice damn it), "Oh. Right."



SHOUT OUTS!!!!

ISSUE 2 a very special thanks to...

Jeremy- You were the first person to wack me in the head with a vego sausage, and you were also the first person to tell me you believed in me. From throwing a piece of cake in my face, to supporting me in doing the bolt from school, to visiting me the first night I ever stayed in a shelter; you've been their through the tears, smiles, frightening moments and general silliness. Cheers, Bro.

Declan- You've shown me how to fix bikes, appreciate 80's action films, skateboard and drink like I'm an Irish kid. But most of all, we've shown eachother how to fall in love.

Elouise- We've been through the growing pains of teenagers together; a few issues of [in]valid zine, eidecan festival organising, rgr parties and confrontations with redneck Toowoomba machos later; we've emerged intact and strong as shit. You're empowering, intelligent and beautiful- and hell fast on roller skates. I raise my glass to you; and I can't wait to have another arm wrestle, and then another, and another!

Dave- Who else would Cunt Haus swim in the Sydney Harbour with on a weekday lunchtime... And prance and party like it's 1999 around the countryside with!

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SHOUT OUTS! cont...

... And then there are The Baps, my partners in crime, stinking and squatting out Buranda in style...

Katie- The craziest, fearless and strongest woman I know. From climbing a 13 story crane to riding out of k-mart on a bike, to cracking empties throughout Brisbane and playing dressups from the costume bin, the adventures we've had together will always leave fond memories.

Flick- You've busted out of Geebung and can now be found at Karaoke cutting off dreds and waving a pocket knife around the bar and amongst the chaos, we've shared many hugs, late night dumpstered pizza under the name of Meridith and found salvage with chatting about life on the swing seat under the mulberry tree.

Yulanji- Not many people can say they've had the opportunity to hike around on an army base for eleven days dodging helicopters and military personnel with one of their best friends. But nor could they say they've seen them throw a garden gnome through the window of their own home.. You're unpredictable, gutsy and combined with your ochre accent and sense of humour, you're a true gem to hang out with.

And to all my sisters and brothers I've shared tears and fear with in the homeless shelters; some who have died, will spend the rest of their life behind bars, locked in mental asylums, or will forever be outcasted and invisible to the rest of society; we are not disgusting, we are powerful, strong and damn fucking survivors. They will never succeed in controlling us all for we operate outside their system, they are scared of us - the people left outside to rot in their squalor; we have nothing to loose, at the bottom, the only way is up in whichever way we choose.

PENCILING OUT:

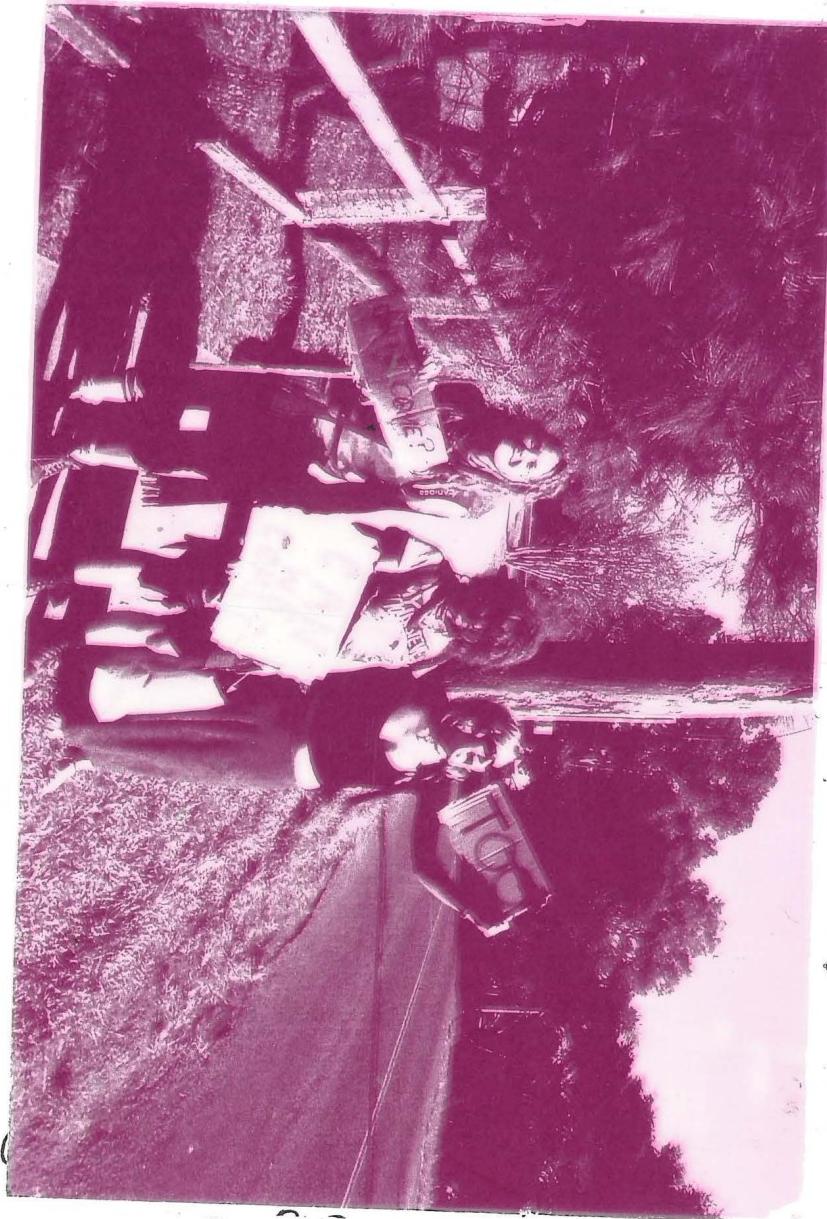
After many late nights of cursing my inability to spell, putting ~~hundreds~~ frustration and cutting and pasting at the kitchen table with friends and goon (for the roaster.) THIS ISSUE IS FINALLY OVER!! PARTAY TIME!
xxm ~~dark~~ starstruck M.F.M.L.Y.

Emma, Katie, Brenden and I hitching out of Nimbin

or



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Family home 55c.

Get a home 55c.